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THE ITALY OF THE MOMENT

BY MARIO MAZZUCCHELLI

VERY serious are the difficulties with which Italy is at present confronted as a consequence of the war, which compelled her to put forth the most tremendous efforts and imposed on her the most immense sacrifices. While all the other Great Powers entered the European conflict strengthened by a long tradition of national life and by an economic development that was old, mature, fully consolidated, with social riches accumulated by the labor, the commerce, the production of centuries, Italy, on the contrary, was plunged into a cruel, exhausting war at a time when her economic, financial, and social life was still in the state of formation, and when it was barely a dozen years since she had been able to perceive the outline of a productive vitality — promising, it is true, but still in its infancy. During the first decades of her unification, Italy was faced by formidable problems such as had been known to no other country. These she tackled and overcame, if not entirely, at any rate to a very great extent, by means of her power of work, her constancy, her thriftiness, and by submitting to fiscal impositions more burdensome than in any other country in the world.

Having practically accomplished this hard and searching task amid unparalleled economic disturbances — such, for example, as those of 1873–1874, and the more serious ones of 1887–1895, which seemed to shake the national edifice to its foundations, Italy finally set out to create her industry, develop her commerce, and extend her agriculture. This creative and developing movement was in full swing when it was dislocated and cut short by the outbreak of the war, which caused incomparably greater damage to Italy than to any other belligerent country. Heavy blows and great evils may be borne by adults — and the other states were and are adults — they are death-dealing for adolescents such as Italy. But besides being adolescent, Italy's conditions of life place her in a state of peculiar and very notable inferiority as compared with other countries — not only the adults, but those also who are as young as she. What the rest of the world knows of Italy is the smile of her skies, the blue of her sea, the charm of her landscape, the inspiration of her

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monuments which speak of a glorious past, and the splendor of the innumerable products of an art that has constantly renewed itself throughout the ages. But that sky which smiles, that sun which kisses the foreigner during the warm southern winters, are terrible for the Italian husbandman. Capricious springs, either scorching or heavy with moisture, and violent summers deprive a large part of Italy of any certainty as to the crops.

In all the countries situated to the north of Italy, and in France itself with the exception of some of the southern departments, wheat and cereals in general ripen in the mild summer months, slowly but with far more certainty than in places where the summer is advanced. In Italy the ripening is rapid; as soon as the astronomical spring comes to an end, the grain is ready to be harvested. Burning suns have yellowed the ears, but have at the same time impoverished their number, while spring droughts and hot, drying winds have assisted in limiting the product. This explains why Italy, even with the most intense care, cannot produce such abundant crops as the northern countries, which ripen their grain at 25 degrees (Cent.), whereas the 'Bel Paese' ripens hers at 35 and more. In addition to the scorching of the sun and the droughts, there are, particularly in Upper Italy, heavy rains, which cause tremendous floods, against which the Italian has had to protect himself at an enormous expenditure of labor and money, by means of an extensive and complex system of dykes that is without parallel.

Italy is essentially a mountainous country; she possesses only one great plain — that of the Valley of the Po. And this plain is formed and stretches to the north at the foot of the highest mountains in Europe, and to the south at the foot of the most friable and easily disintegrated chain in the whole world. Precipitous declivities and steep mountain sides yielding an enormous bulk of detritus give origin to vehement streams and muddy currents which contain all the elements for creating marshes when they come to rest in the plain. This phenomenon is repeated in all the valleys of the Italian peninsula. And, arising from the marshes, malaria poisons a great part of the Italian lowlands and the whole of the coast.

Against this annually renewed, incessant scourge of nature the Italian has struggled and fought always with admirable energy. The Valley of the Po has been changed, exclusively by human effort, from a series of pestiferous swamps into fertile meadows which raise proportionately more cattle than the famous Dutch *polders;* into rice fields which produce the best flavored rice in the world; and, nearer to the sea, into hemp fields which grow the best quality of hemp — finer than the fibre of Manila, a hemp that yields a thread which can compete and is often mixed with flax, and which, at the same time, makes ropes of unsurpassed tenacity.

A compact system of canals, a miracle of practical engineering, tames, conducts, and renders beneficent the waters which once were devastating and noxious; and a supreme hydraulic art manages to keep these canals free from the rushing torrents and to assure the draining of the land in a natural way and without the aid of mechanical means even when the rivers are most swollen and threatening. Nor can it be said that this is a completed work, a work of the past. It is a work of to-day and to-morrow, everlasting. The defense has to be resumed day after day, against an enemy who arrives suddenly and frequently. An illustrious French writer once said

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that in the lower plain of the Po every peasant is a born engineer, so vigilant and alert must he be.

But in addition to the defenses there are continual victories over the swamps and the lands which emerge from the incessant alluvial deposits at the mouths of the rivers. Proportionately, the Po has the vastest and fastest growing delta in existence. The whole of the low Ferrarese is a recent and most wonderful creation of Italian labor and genius. Thousands and thousands of acres of new land have been rescued from the water in this twentieth century and given over to agriculture.

If the cultivable land of Italy consists of sterile mountain, of hills necessarily not very fertile, or of flat country rescued from the marshes; if it suffers acutely from drought or must groan beneath rushing waters; if it is stricken by the severity of the seasons, periodically convulsed by disastrous earthquakes, or devastated by the incandescent lava and streams of fire erupted by its volcanoes, the land, nevertheless, is tilled with incomparable ardor, affection, and patience. Except in a few districts where reasons of a technical nature intervene, the soil is never left at rest; one crop is immediately succeeded by another, and high up on the steepest slopes, which apparently only a goat could climb, the industrious and laborious Italian peasant plants vines, fruit trees, vegetables, and flowers, and does not allow the ground to remain idle for a moment.

In what country is more or as much done? On the Italian soil it is all very toilsome, but at the same time very intense work. A mountainous country, as we have already said, with very little flat land susceptible to culture, and fighting against the difficulties already described, nevertheless, Italy managed to feed *agriculturally* the whole of her dense population. The large importations of wheat and maize were, before the war, partly compensated for by increasing exportations of flour, semolina, and macaroni, and partly by the excess of exports over imports of other food products, such as rice, potatoes, chestnuts, vegetables, beasts for slaughter, sausages, poultry, eggs, and dairy produce. To these exports were added those of lesser alimentary value, such as fruits, preserved vegetables, and so forth. Italy found the means of feeding nearly 130 inhabitants per square kilometre with the produce of her own soil — a soil, be it remembered, the greater part of which is arid and ill-adapted to cultivation with economic advantage. But the Italian peasant, with his inextinguishable passion for assiduous, fervent labor, with his incomparable sobriety, has adapted to his needs even the iron laws of economics. Whatever the ground lacked in fertility, however it might be impaired by aridity, he, the Italian peasant, made it all good by the sweat of his brow, thus balancing the factors of production and rendering it capable of meeting economic competition.

Can a people with so much love for their land, their fields, a people with so much faith in their labor, fail to secure the confidence of the rich countries? And with that confidence can they possibly fail in neutralizing the damage done by the war to agriculture and breeding? Upon such a people can the future fail to smile?

One of the countries to which, from the agricultural point of view, nature has been least benign, in spite of the smiling appearance of its fields and the fragrance of its flowers, Italy is also the poorest of the great European countries from the point of view of minerals. Coal, the prime and essen-

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tial nutriment of all industry and transport, the absolute necessity for all technical development, is *entirely* lacking in Italy. She possesses a little lignite, but it is generally of such a quality — in contrast to the lignites of other countries — as to render its transport unprofitable in normal times beyond a very small distance from the mines. Italy has no sources of liquid fuel; no schists like those of Scotland. All she possesses is a small field the annual production of which barely reaches 10,000 tons of mineral oils. The Italian iron mines, with an intensive exploitation which condemns them to rapid exhaustion, only supply one third of the country's modest requirements in iron and steel, so that, in order to feed the foundries and blast furnaces, she must rely upon imports. In Italy the coal does not go to the iron or the iron to the coal, as in other countries, but both coal and iron must go to the foundries, causing an economic disadvantage which has to be overcome, not by customs tariffs, but by the maximum sacrifices of arm and brain.

There is very little copper in the country, but it is needed in abundant measure owing to the increase in the number of electrical plants. With regard to other metals, Sardinia, the mineral treasure of Italy, yields lead and zinc in a quantity that is nearly sufficient for the present limited consumption, and there are hopes for the development of aluminium. Tin does not exist. Sulphur, the only metalloid of which there is any abundance, is passing through a crisis created by the possibility of very copious extractions by special methods elsewhere — a possibility which is not permitted by the nature of the Italian deposits.

Italy owes the undeniable progress she has made entirely to the will and the work of her sons. The perpetual battle which the Italian has had to fight against nature has tempered the body and the intellect of the people, which, unique hitherto in the history of the world, is able to record a triple ascent — Rome, the Renaissance, and the present Third Italy. And now this people is issuing from a war that was fought, not, as has been falsely declared, for egoistic reasons, but for motives, well known to the English Government, which had very little to do with Italian egoism. In facing the common struggle, Italy, who gave herself to it entirely, and — let it be repeated — not for her own special benefit, had to make very heavy sacrifices in her agriculture, her stock-raising, and her commerce; and she was compelled to exhaust all her agricultural, commercial, industrial, and domestic reserves; she made up her mind to neglect or sacrifice everything in order that she might concentrate all her powers on her war effort.

The war fell like a cyclone on Italian agriculture, from which it removed proportionately more laborers than in any other country where the conditions are better and more highly organized. In many districts production had to be very considerably reduced, and all parts suffered severely from the shortage of fertilizers, so that it will be several years before the land can resume its former productive capacity. The forests, so necessary to the water system in a country like Italy, had to be cut down to a terrible extent, and must still be demolished in a most disastrous manner, since Italy is receiving less than half of her pre-war consumption of coal. This ruin of the forests, with all its tremendous agrarian, climatic, and hygienic consequences, could be arrested if Italy were given 5,000,000 tons of coal, which is equal to about 1½ per cent of what England produced before the

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war and 2 per cent of what her mines are now yielding.

Italian exports of products which do not compete with countries that are industrially more advanced had to be suppressed, nor will this trade be able to recover its old *clientèle* and its former markets without the strongest efforts and carefully devised assistance. Emigration, a splendid source of remittances to the homeland, was completely stopped, and so also was the tourist movement that brought such a large revenue to the country. The mercantile marine suffered a wastage greater than that of any other country, much greater indeed than appears from the cold tonnage statistics. The ships that were lost were among the best, those spared being mostly old and comparatively useless.

The wear and tear of railway material, both fixed and rolling, was extremely serious. The Italian equipment was much less than that of the other belligerent countries, and the formation of the peninsula, long and narrow, necessitated journeys of a length out of all proportion to those elsewhere — with empty trucks on the descent toward the south and heavily overloaded trains in the ascent toward the north through the Apennine passes at very steep gradients (from 25 per thousand upward, except for one of the two lines starting from Genoa, which has 16 per thousand, while the other climbs up at 35 per thousand!). Mountain passes are tremendous devourers of coal and fearfully ruinous to the material. The wear and tear of the railways was all the greater because of the exiguity of the Italian system, which has a single track (except in the valley of the Po) practically throughout the length of the great longitudinal and lateral roads, while a large part of the system, owing to the planimetric course imposed by the topography of the country, goes over steep slopes and counter-slopes with sharp curves and numerous tunnels.

A railway system such as this was very nearly adequate in normal times, in view of the development of the Italian coasts and the lack in Italy of the *large* traffic in *heavy* goods which feeds the other European systems. The principal freight in Italy consists of agricultural produce, wine, oil, and silk, which, although high in value, constitute a small tonnage. But in the war the Italian railways, constructed at a very great expense for the normal traffic which the country could provide, had to be subjected to an almost supernatural effort, which has left them exhausted. Now not hundreds, but thousands, of millions of lire will be necessary to put them completely in order again and equip them for future development.

The war and the lack of coal have incited Italy to give greater attention to the exploitation of her water power. It must be said, however, that the hydro-electric plants of easier construction were already built in times of peace, and that, as a rule, the new ones present much greater constructive difficulties. In this matter also Nature was not so generous in her gifts as she was to other countries. Waters rush down from the heights, it is true; but the brief periods of plenty (during the summer in the Alpine chain and the winter in the Apennine) are succeeded by long periods of meagreness, and in the mountains the water courses are broken up into numerous small streams, rarely united into large bodies. Hence we do not have, as in Norway, powerful volumes of water which descend swiftly to the fjords through a single valley and are easily capturable; we have not the immense Swedish masses which, collected in

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numerous and successive lakes, permit the erection of capacious plants, even with a limited fall; we have not the Finnish system of waters that are always copious, and not even the Spanish, something similar to that of France, with large rivers containing rapids even in their middle course, so that the extraction of an immense amount of power with a single plant is an easy matter.

Except in a few special cases, the natural formation of the Italian water system, like everything else in Italy, makes it necessary that the hand and the mind of man shall toil and exhaust themselves in discovering difficult solutions and devising laborious schemes which shall give the means of imprisoning and taming the rebellious waters. These difficulties, however, do not alter the fact that development of the hydro-electric plants is a problem of prime importance for the economic future of Italy. Just as Italy has had to create her railways at very great expense and, generally speaking, at a loss,— a loss borne by the whole nation,— so is she compelled by the supreme necessity of life to enlarge and add to her electric power plants to the limit of the possible. Here would be a magnificent field for the monetary resources and the technico-industrial energy of the states that are richer, both financially and industrially, than she is. But before this can be done, and done advantageously, it is necessary to have faith in Italy and in her people.

The Italian state finances have been utterly disorganized by the war, to such an extent, indeed, in spite of the enormous taxation imposed during the conflagration, that the whole existence of the country is imperiled by public disorder. It is only right and honest to say this, against the fallacious or calculated expressions of optimism, from whatever source they may emanate. Heroic remedies are necessary for the salvation of Italy, and a beginning of the extreme harshness of the cure is to be seen in the government's proposals for new and extraordinary impositions.

Italy, which already had the primacy of the world in the heaviness of direct and indirect taxation, will bend herself to any sacrifice, however bitter and grievous it may be. She will bend herself because she has an intuitive confidence in her future, because she feels that out of the evil of to-day the good of to-morrow will arise. But if Italy's immense sacrifice, which succeeds and matches the immeasurable sacrifice of blood and treasure and everything, made in the interests of the Allies on the battlefield and in the spasmodic tension of four years of struggle should not find recognition, should not find the fullest coöperation and the most generous understanding on the part of those for whom and with whom she fought shoulder to shoulder, it would cause the most grievous and saddest disillusionment among all Italians and would give rise to the most serious general economic consequences. Italy would be condemned for many years to misery, but the misery of 40,000,000 of inhabitants, added to that of the whole of central and eastern Europe, would make its effects felt most disastrously also in the western countries, with all their wealth.

If human solidarity has lost much of its value in the moral field, it has increased it, on the other hand, in the economic field. English economic and financial wisdom has always desired this — that in not a single one of the wars waged by England in union with other countries the latter should be allowed to remain burdened by debts to her, however aggravated the Eng-

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lish financial and fiscal system might be as the result of such wars. This policy of a wisdom and foresight without example (observed also to the vanquished in every war) formed the granite foundation on which England's might was built. Her commerce expanded in the Allied countries, which were never allowed to become exhausted, and among the vanquished; her industries found there ever-growing markets; all concentrated in the English metropolis their banking and international insurance operations. The continuation of a similar policy, as history guarantees, would mark new triumphs; its abandonment, on the other hand, would bring decline in its train.

When the state finances have been set in order, the Italian people will quickly find the road to recovery and revival. A people which has such a sense of thrift as to be able, between 1914 and the present day, to increase its deposits in the postal savings banks from 2,000,000,000 lire to 4,250,000,000, and in the ordinary savings banks from 2,750,000,000 lire to 5,500,000,000, and to increase its ordinary banking deposits from 3,500,000,000 lire to about 14,000,000,000, is a people that demonstrates a robust economic strength, accompanied by sound sentiments, and that is deserving of confidence.

The rural districts of the country possess incomparable laborers, who only need greater and more cordial attention, more affectionate and sociable contact, in order to raise themselves to the status of highly intelligent producers. Already something has been said above about the wonders accomplished by Italian determination in a soil that is stubborn and ungrateful, in spite of its smiling appearance. In the big towns you will find, it is true, the usual social outcasts, as in all the great centres of the world, but they are immeasurably outnumbered by honest citizens who are profoundly inspired by the love of work. The good humor of the Italian workman is proverbial. With a kindly disposition, a generous heart, and guided by justice, of which he has an exquisite sense, the workman may allow himself to be carried away by excitements, which, however, unless they have a just and solid basis, soon subside under the influence of his good common sense — much sooner, indeed, than in many other places. The history of Italian popular commotions, ancient and modern, demonstrates that they have never lasted so long as they have done elsewhere, while, at the same time, they have been much milder in character. With the good guidance of knowledge and conscientiousness, the Italian people, the Italian laborer, gives himself completely to whatever he takes in hand, and shows himself capable of the greatest and most enduring virtues.

The foreigners who have come to Italy and established industrial enterprises there have had the happiest experiences. One may make honorable mention of the Englishmen who, disregarding the false reputation for laziness attributed to the Neapolitans, erected the first establishment in Naples — Hawthorn-Guppy, Pattison, and Armstrong; and the Inghams and Whittakers, who developed in Sicily — also given a bad character — the flourishing Marsala wine industry.

The problem of labor presents in Italy much fewer and smaller difficulties than in any other industrialized country, and if he is treated generously and justly, if he is convinced of having directors who have practical knowledge of the processes of manufacture, the Italian workman will follow and accomplish marvels in every field. Al-

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though the gigantic factories, with thousands and tens of thousands of hands, are not the best adapted to the Italian genius, yet the Italian workman is rapidly making himself accustomed even to them.

The country and the people of Italy are world values, to which it is in the interest of the world to assure a flourishing life. To-day they are suffering, and suffering profoundly, both materially and morally. Materially, because the result of very hard years of initial labor, which were just beginning to yield their first and still rare fruits, was utterly ruined; because coal and raw materials are lacking; because there are no implements or restoratives for the impoverished soil; and because in these circumstances production is not sufficient to give food and labor to the people. Morally, because the people see, precisely when they are in the throes of a crisis, that they lack the help and, as it would seem, the confidence of their wealthy companions in arms, in whom, on the contrary, they had reposed the fullest and most complete trust.

It is a European, a world interest to assuage these sufferings, to contribute efficaciously to their removal, not by means of condescending and demoralizing charity or concessions of form pleasing only to the less active part of the Italian people, but by means of calculated, reasoned, adequate *new* assistance to the actual life of Italy and to her economic reconstruction.

If this assistance did not yield anything directly, it would give the most abundant returns in the maintenance in being and extension of a first-class market and an element of trustworthy tranquillity based on the assurance of prosperity. Then, if private initiative, instead of confining itself to works under the antiquated system of public guaranty, were to find an outlet in enterprises where a limited risk permits a rich remuneration, it would see opening before it new horizons which would largely compensate for those which are closed by extra-Continental competition.

The old accounts having been closed, Italy has no other need than to work and *be able to work*. By helping her in this, providing her with the indispensable coal, giving her an enlightened public and (to a large extent) private assistance, England will provide for her own lasting advantage. By standing aloof from her, on the other hand, the ensuing misery will not stop at the Italian frontiers. Nobody can keep himself rich on the impoverishment of another. English tradition, English shrewdness, and English interest must necessarily desire the well-being of Italy.

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ENGLAND'S PERIL IN EGYPT

BY SIR VALENTINE CHIROL

JUST forty-three years have passed away since I first landed in Egypt in the autumn of 1876.

I was then very young and inexperienced, but I chanced to witness within a few weeks of my arrival an episode so lurid and dramatic that it illuminated, as with a flash of lightning, the fateful road along which the Khedive Ismail was not only rushing to his own perdition but dragging his unfortunate country with him into a bottomless pit whence it could ultimately be rescued only by the strong hand of a foreign deliverer.

Next to the Khedive — and many people would scarcely have endorsed that limitation — the mightiest man in Egypt was his Minister of Finance, a reputed foster brother, Ismail Pasha Sadik, the Mufettish. Half a dozen palaces in Cairo, legions of slaves, clients and retainers in the highest places, vast estates up and down the Nile valley, were the outward and visible signs of the immense wealth and boundless power he possessed. Suddenly in the space of a night the Mufettish vanished and was no more.

Cairo thrilled one day with a shudder of terror and relief to the rumor that he had been seized in the early morning and conveyed in a closed carriage of the Khedivial *hareem* to the Nile, where he was put on to the Khedivial yacht, which steamed at once up stream. Rumor was in this case no lying jade, and from that day to this no one is known to have ever seen the Mufettish alive or dead.

I have been in Egypt many times since then. I was here during the Arabi troubles and in the first months of the British occupation, and again frequently during the great period of reconstruction, when, in spite of persistent foreign obstruction and the scarcely less embarrassing vacillations of British ministries, Sir Evelyn Baring (as Lord Cromer still was), with only a handful of picked Englishmen, gradually raised Egypt out of the slough of despond and laid the foundations of her new prosperity on even-handed justice, an equitable readjustment of the land tax, and an assured share for the humblest *fellah* in the scientific storage and distribution of Nile water on a scale hitherto undreamed of in the annals of the God-given river.

I passed through Egypt again when the young Nationalists were playing ducks and drakes with the opportunities Sir Eldon Gorst had given them, and once more in the first year of the war, when the late Sultan Hussein, perhaps the finest character that modern Egypt has produced, was struggling to discharge the unprecedented responsibilities of a high office forced upon him under the pressure of the great world conflict. But nothing I have ever seen here can illustrate more forcibly the distance that Egypt has traveled within my own personal recollection than the contrast between the deathlike silence of abject and terrified submission in which I saw the whole country bow down before that supreme manifestation of despotic ὕβρις during my earliest days in Cairo, and the clamorous and universal revolt among all

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classes against any form of lawful authority which is the keynote of the present situation in Egypt.

There are many and very diverse features in the situation which will require close and careful investigation before I can venture to express an opinion upon the causes that have produced them. Nor shall I stop to inquire to-day how it has come to pass that schoolboys and students are allowed nowadays to invade the offices of Egyptian ministers and dictate to them their views, not merely on the expediency of lowering the standards of examinations, but on every conceivable question of state policy; or how so grave a decision as that of the Egyptian Government to resign if, in spite of its warnings, Lord Milner's Commission persists in coming out at the present juncture, is wrung out of the Prime Minister in the course of an interview with irresponsible deputations and given in that shape for the first time to the public press; or why it is that we are now admittedly face to face with the very ominous fact that for the first time since the British occupation large numbers of the Egyptian *fellaheen*, who owe far more to us than does any other class of Egyptians, have been worked up into a fever of bitter discontent and hatred.

Very few people at home, even in responsible quarters, have, I think, the slightest conception of the very dangerous degree of tension which has now been reached out here. I myself certainly had no conception of it when I left England only a very short time ago. Among the few who thought about Egypt at all, the chief subject of speculation was how soon Lord Milner might be expected to start for Egypt, and not, as it is here, whether his arrival will not be the signal for a graver political crisis than any through which we have yet passed. I feel, therefore, bound to postpone all inquiry into the remoter causes of the present situation to the more urgent duty of calling public attention to its extreme gravity. Some of the more immediate causes can be set forth very briefly.

First and foremost, from the day we bombarded Alexandria and sent out an army to save Egypt from sheer anarchy, we have never had an Egyptian policy directed toward any clear and definite goal, and least of all during these last fateful years of the great world war. Without such a policy authority can rest only on dubious and unstable foundations. For more than two decades Lord Cromer's genius supplied a great administrative policy which, within the limitations he himself assigned to it, worked wonders because behind it there was the moral authority of his high character and commanding personality, which his untiring industry and intimate familiarity with men and things enabled him to exert unceasingly on every branch of the Administration, and indeed on the whole social fabric of European life in Egypt.

He himself was conscious when he retired that the benevolent autocracy he had wielded had run its appointed term. After a short-lived attempt to grope about for some larger policy, the British Government, however, fell back on the easier alternative of handing the reins over to another 'strong man.' But Lord Kitchener, with his many great qualities and his strange flashes of real intuition, was not and could not be another Cromer. Released from the old vigilant control on the spot, and with no new guidance from home, the Anglo-Egyptian bureaucracy showed the same tendency as all bureaucracies in similar conditions to grow in numbers, to become more and more mechanical, to split up into rival cliques and factions, and to stray after the

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false gods of superficial efficiency and easy opportunism.

In the meantime, a new generation of Egyptians was growing up who had known neither the days of the oppression nor those of the deliverance. They are largely the product of a slipshod system of education, as ill-conceived as it has been clumsily carried out, for the results of which, however, we have ourselves mainly to thank. It is generally admitted to constitute our one great failure, and the one which it will be most difficult to make good.

A modicum of ill-assorted intellectual training, almost entirely divorced from moral discipline, has engendered a turbulent spirit of revolt against all parental authority at home as well as against every form of political control, especially at the hands of foreigners, who are accused of denying to the Egyptians, out of sheer selfishness, the right to apply the lessons of freedom and independence which are taught by every textbook we have imported into their schools. The conflict of a new, and in itself not unreasonable sense of nationhood, with the restrictions of a foreign tutelage, even when disguised under the form of a 'veiled' protectorate, was further exaggerated by the religious susceptibilities of a Mohammedan people who watched with growing alarm the rapid decay of the Ottoman Power, the last great Mohammedan Power in the world, under the powerful impact of the west.

But so long as foreign tutelage preserved the form of a 'veiled' protectorate, even the most advanced Nationalists felt that the future was not definitely prejudged against them nor the door irrevocably closed upon their ultimate aspirations.

Then came the war, and with the rupture between Turkey and Great Britain, the sudden transformation of the 'veiled' protectorate into a formal and openly proclaimed protectorate, of which no attempt was made to explain or define the meaning and purpose to the people whose destinies were at stake. In fact, as I shall try to show in another article, had the British Government deliberately wished to confirm the sinister interpretation placed by our enemies in Egypt upon the proclamation of the British Protectorate, and to destroy the authority of our friends who were laboring to preserve for us the confidence of their fellow countrymen, they could hardly have adopted during the last four years, or at least until the arrival of Lord Allenby, a course — it cannot possibly be called a policy — better calculated to lead to the present extraordinary deadlock.

While we are told that Lord Milner's mission is at last about to start for the purpose of solving once and for all, with the help of the Egyptian Government, and people, the new riddle of the Sphinx. The Sphinx itself, as personified by the Egyptian Government and every organization that professes to be qualified to speak on behalf of the Egyptian people, threatens to go on strike as soon as the mission lands.

One need not discuss just now whether from the point of view of our relations with Egypt the proclamation of a British protectorate, which certainly placed us in a very false position toward our allies and toward other than neutral states, was at the time necessary or wise.

It is contended with some force that as, in view of the abnormal situation created by the formal ties that still united Egypt to the Ottoman Empire, with which we were actually at war, they had at all costs to be severed, the only choice lay between a protectorate and annexation, and that, in deciding in favor of the protectorate, the British Government were anxious to prove

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their desire, while bringing Egypt within the fold of the British Empire, to leave room for her future development on lines congenial to her own people in the large commonwealth of nations that constitutes the empire.

If such is the idea that underlay the proclamation of the protectorate, there is much to be said for it. But what attempt was made to convey it to the Egyptian people? Was not everything that we actually did calculated to make upon them the very opposite impression? Compare for a moment what we did in Egypt and what we did in India.

The genuine enthusiasm with which the Princes and people of India rallied to the cause of the empire decided at once a generous response both in Simla and in London. Lord Hardinge rightly gauged the feelings both of the Indian Army and the Indian people when he urged that the Indian Expeditionary Force should be dispatched straight to France to fight shoulder to shoulder with the British troops. The Viceroy's Legislative Council and the Provincial Legislative Councils, as the recognized bodies through which — subject as they are to many limitations — Indian opinion finds constitutional expression, were drawn into constant consultation, and they associated themselves with, and sometimes took the initiative in, the various measures deemed necessary by the government of India for the successful conduct of the war. Great Britain reciprocated by giving India access, for the first time on a footing of equality with the self-governing Dominions and the United Kingdom itself, to the councils of the empire at the Imperial War Conferences held in London and ultimately at the Paris Peace Conference. More than that. The British Prime Minister having announced that India's loyalty required the problem of Indian governance to be approached from a new angle of vision, steps were taken to prepare a scheme of reforms which should give Indians a greatly enlarged share in the conduct of their own affairs and lead them by gradual stages to the final goal of self-government within the empire.

The Secretary of State, Mr. Montagu, himself proceeded to India, and for the purpose, and jointly with the present Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, drew up an exhaustive report which has served as a basis for the new Government of India Bill about to be submitted to Parliament; and all through this summer a Joint Committee of both Houses has been engaged in taking evidence on the subject, including that of Indians, some of whom have represented even the most extreme schools of Indian political thought.

Opinions may differ, and do differ very widely, as to the merits of the proposed scheme and to many other issues raised by recent British policy in India; and much has happened during the last twelve months to discourage the perhaps over-sanguine expectations raised by the great wave of enthusiasm which swept over India in the early part of the war. Nor must the Indian analogy be carried too far. But what I am concerned with here is the broad contrast afforded to the policy of closer association between India and the empire which sprang out of the war by the diametrically opposite policy adopted during the same period in regard to Egypt. After the protectorate had been proclaimed, Sultan Hussein and his ministers offered Great Britain the active coöperation of the Egyptian Army. It was declined on the grounds that Great Britain did not expect Egypt to fight against Turkey, and was quite prepared to undertake the defense of Egyptian territory with British forces.

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No doubt the material value of Egyptian coöperation in the field would have been slight, but would not the moral effect have been worth taking into account? In spite of this refusal Egyptian artillery did play a very useful part in the defense of the Canal against the Turks, and in the course of the war Egypt was ultimately called upon to contribute, under conditions of increasing and often, it must be feared, of quite unnecessary hardship, something like a million of her population for labor and transport corps, of the utmost value, in the different theatres of operations. In this respect, and in respect of supplies, Egypt's contribution to the war can challenge comparison with that of any other part of the British Empire, though she was never given the chance of gaining credit for conscious and voluntary sacrifice.

Not once during the war have the legislative bodies created to give limited opportunities of constitutional expression to Egyptian public opinion been allowed to meet, or been given an opportunity of associating themselves publicly with the many measures locally taken by the Sultan and his ministers in furtherance of the war. Nowhere has the censorship been more rigorous and, according to most people, more unintelligent. Nowhere did military authority more completely overshadow civil authority; and the one officer, Sir John Maxwell, whose long experience of Egypt and whose popularity with Egyptians of all classes went a long way to mitigate the harshness of martial law, was removed before the first year of the war was over.

As to what the mysterious word protectorate was to mean for the future political life of Egypt, not a sign was vouchsafed from any authoritative quarter. At last a Committee of Egyptian ministers and British officials — the proceedings of which were, however, wrapped as usual in profound secrecy — was constituted to prepare the draft of an organic statute which should serve as a basis for the political reconstruction of the country. But when the scheme was so far advanced that ministers expressed a desire to go over to England and discuss it with the British Government, they were told that, though the war was over, the moment was still inopportune in view of the overwhelming preoccupations of the Peace Conference. The very reason given for this refusal rendered the irritation produced by it all the more acute, for even the most moderate Egyptians had been hurt by the exclusion of Egypt from the Paris Conference. Egypt, they argued, had become, through the protectorate, a sufficiently important partner in the British Empire to be admitted, on that ground alone, to some special representation in Paris.

Might it not even be contended that Egypt, whose international status had been forcibly revolutionized by the war, was as much entitled to take a seat at the Conference table as any of the new states that had actually sprung out of the war — especially when the Emir Faisal was seen to take his seat there, at the instance of the British Plenipotentiaries, as the representative of the newly made King of the Hedjaz, whose people the Egyptians not unnaturally regard as standing on a far lower level of civilization and power than themselves? As for the more extreme Nationalists, they had already attempted to take the law into their own hands. They had promptly constituted a deputation of their own to go to Paris and lay claim before the Conference, under the plea of self-determination, to complete and immediate independence. Many who dis-

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approved entirely of the deputation regarded its sudden deportation to Malta as a gross blunder on the part of the British Government, especially when deputations bound on analogous errands from Cyprus and from Syria were allowed to travel to Europe without let or hindrance.

When, however, the embargo on Saad Pasha Zaghlul and his colleagues was finally removed, the latitude given to them to proceed with the propaganda for Egyptian independence could not but render more galling the refusal of the British Government to receive responsible Egyptian ministers who merely wanted an opportunity of discussing the terms of a friendly agreement between Britain and Egypt on the basis of the protectorate.

An Egyptian minister is said to have replied to one of his fellow countrymen: 'It is not we who are the Sphinx today. It is the British Government,' and the British Government at last began to realize that they could not maintain their Sphinx-like silence forever. In search once more of a 'strong man' they brought Lord Allenby back from Syria to take charge in Cairo in the absence of Sir Reginald Wingate, who had been recalled to England to give advice which his friends declare was unfortunately never listened to. But Lord Allenby had scarcely had time to look round before a sudden and violent explosion occurred in Egypt, which imported into the situation the new and sinister factor of bloodshed and violence.

When Lord Allenby returned from a hurried conference in Paris, to which he had been summoned by the Prime Minister, his first task was to restore order in Egypt. He wisely tempered repression with mercy, and it is generally ascribed to his influence that at last, in the middle of May, the British Government were persuaded to break the silence which they had maintained ever since the proclamation of the protectorate.

It was not done with much good grace, but Parliament was anyhow informed that Lord Milner would proceed to Egypt at the head of a strong mission to inquire into the causes of the recent outbreak and to draw up recommendations which would assist the British Government in 'shaping for the protectorate a system of prudent and ever-enlarging enfranchisement' and in meeting 'the claims of the Egyptian people to a due and increasing share in the management of the affairs of Egypt.'

The mere fact, however, that the Egyptian extremists were able to boast that even this belated announcement had only been wrung out of British ministers by a sudden and unexpected explosion of violence robbed it of much of its value, and, whatever value it might have had, if Lord Milner's mission had followed hotfoot upon it, has evaporated day after day during the five long months that the mission has been tarrying in England while a feverish agitation has been spreading all over Egypt to boycott not only the mission but the policy which it was presumably intended to promote.

We are moving here down an inclined plane, and many patriotic Egyptians who realize the danger of that inclined plane, which may well lead either to another conflict or to anarchy, are asking whether it is impossible for the British Government to help them to stem that movement by using some more definite language than the few sentences I have quoted from the ministerial statement in Parliament which accompanied the announcement of the Milner Mission. Is there any reason, they ask, why Egypt should not be told at once by Lord Allenby, whose return from Eng-

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land is impatiently expected, that the word protectorate does not by any means exclude the idea of self-government, from which Lord Milner himself did not shrink when he wrote his admirable book *England in Egypt* nearly thirty years ago?

It is, indeed, extraordinary what a mischievous part the mere word protectorate has come to play in the anti-British propaganda. It may be difficult to treat seriously the phrase which is in the mouth of every Egyptian irreconcilable that 'the protectorate means slavery.'

During the whole course of the great war, the British Government never took a single step in connection with Egyptian affairs that could have helped our friends here to arrest the growth of that absurd myth, by conveying to the people of Egypt any distinct promise, or even the slightest indication, that the protectorate would sooner or later give them some share in the benefit of the great principles of justice and freedom for which the British Empire had gone to battle and Egypt herself had been called upon to make sacrifices as great, except in the actual fighting line, as those made by many other parts of the empire.

While nothing was done to disarm and a good deal was done to excite the suspicions of those among the politically minded classes who were already disposed to place the worst construction upon the protectorate as a final and deliberate bar to Egyptian national aspirations, the relentless exigencies of the military situation led to the imposition upon the masses of ever-increasing burdens, which reckless agitators were quick to represent as the natural fruits of the protectorate, until the word has now apparently come to stink almost as much in the nostrils of the illiterate folk as in those of the educated classes.

No doubt, on the whole, Egypt has waxed fat during the war, of which, thanks to the British Navy and Army, she has been spared all the worst horrors. But as, and perhaps more than in many other countries, the prosperity she has derived from the unprecedented prices to which her staple products have soared, and from the intensive demand for labor which has grown up in almost every direction, has benefited mainly the few, and this holds true especially of the last year or two of the war. For the rise in wages, considerable as it has been, has ceased to keep pace with the inordinate rise in prices for the very necessities of life. This is particularly the case in the urban centres, where the lower classes — workmen, carters, cab drivers, shop keepers, and a host of minor employees — are hard put to it nowadays to make both ends meet.

It is easy to impute the strikes which have been so frequent of late, and are, indeed, a novel and alarming feature to political machinations. The constant strikes in schools and colleges are unquestionably a grave symptom of social anarchy. But some of the strikes among the working classes cannot be said to have lacked all economic justification. Is it surprising that when these humble folk, whose ignorance is abysmal, see their country swarming as never before with Englishmen, and contrast their own penury with all the outward signs of affluence and extravagance in which Englishmen seem to them to live and move, and have their being, they should lend a ready ear to their educated fellow countrymen who tell them it is all the fault of the English and of the protectorate, which is reducing the people of Egypt to unending slavery? Is it surprising that they should have so quickly come to believe that the only remedy was to get rid of the English altogether out

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of the country, and that the first step toward that happy consummation is to take part in processions and demonstrations against the accursed protectorate, and to shout at the top of their voices the blessed word 'Independence.'

The estrangement of the *Fellaheen* is a far more serious and unaccountable matter. I shall return to it later on, for it cannot be wholly accounted for by the exactions to which they have been subjected in connection with the supply of labor corps and contributions in kind for the war. They know perfectly well that they have suffered mostly at the hands of their own people, though every village jack-in-office who has taken the opportunity of satisfying his own greed and his personal grudges, of course, sheltered himself, just as did many of the higher provincial authorities, behind the convenient formula, *Hukm-el-Ingleez* — 'We are only carrying out the orders of the British Government.'

Add to these facile misrepresentations the more subtle influences of religious agitators, who know how to appeal to the Mohammedan feelings of the masses with the cry of 'Islam in danger.' There are many Egyptian Nationalists upon whom their Mohammedan creed sits light, but they know better than to make light of the support that can be derived from Egyptian Nationalism, from the teachers and students of El Azhar University, where the torch of Mohammedan orthodoxy still burns fiercely. There may be other forces of a more frankly revolutionary character at work, such as those symbolized in popular imagination by 'the black hand,' and Bolshevism has perhaps spread its tentacles farther into the East than many even believe who admit its close connection with the 'Young Turk' revival in Asia Minor, but even so strange an alliance as that which has been paraded at times between Copts and Mohammedans on Nationalist platforms cannot greatly affect the bedrock fact that though there is much less real fanaticism in Egypt than in many other Mohammedan countries, the instinctive antagonism of Islam to all non-Islamic authority is still a latent force in Egypt which can be easily roused to activity.

There may be little behind all this great volume of sound and fury that assails one's ears on every side to-day, but easy optimism has been at a discount in Egypt ever since, less than eight months ago, on the very eve of the formidable outbreak which for a short time plunged middle and lower Egypt into anarchy, the British Adviser to the Ministry of the Interior — that is, to the department specially responsible for public order and security, declared, I am told, emphatically that there was no cause whatever to apprehend any sort of breach of the peace. This official has now left the country, and the British authorities, civil and military, are not likely to be caught again so completely unawares.

But the organization which planned that outbreak is still undiscovered and the inquiry into its origin, which was one of the purposes of the Milner Mission, is still in abeyance, while many of the symptoms of impending trouble which more observant, if unofficial, eyes read quite clearly last winter, may be observed again to-day, and the policy of the British Government — if they have one — remains wrapped in the same obscurity, breeding the same atmosphere of suspicion and hostility. We can fairly reproach the Nationalists with having no constructive policy behind their parrot-cry of 'Down with the protectorate,' but can we tell our friends what constructive policy the protectorate has behind it?

The Times

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THE STATE VERSUS RELIGION IN THE NEW GERMANY

BY L. E. MATTHAE

An integral part of the revolutionary ideal in Central Europe has been a certain kind of religious emancipation. In Czecho-Slovakia the priests would fain be free to marry; in German-Austria the first Coalition Government would attempt the complete reform of the divorce law in defiance of Catholic doctrine, and almost wrecks itself at the outset of its career; at Berlin, the first revolutionary government, within three days of appointing itself to office, promises, as a fundamental principle, 'freedom of religious practice.'

What is the meaning of this? What is the meaning, indeed, of any quarrel between church and state in a country where the government had carefully tabulated, tolerated, recognized, and subsidized 276 different religious convictions? Where the state makes so great a parade of a judicious neutrality, where can any quarrel lie?

But the six commissaries of the revolution, when they made their fundamental promise, knew very well what they were about. Their wording was not brilliant, but their intentions were plain. 'Freedom of religious practice' can mean nothing, literally interpreted, seeing that religious practice was altogether free in Germany, as in every other western state; even those whose profound religious convictions obliged them to live without any clothes were provided with a discreetly suitable retreat just outside Berlin by the careful authorities.

True, there were complaints about the social and administrative boycott of free-thinkers, and there were enthusiasts for the abolition of Section 166 of the Criminal Code. But obsolete 'blasphemy' clauses are not worth fundamental promises at moments of intense national excitement, nor are constitutional enactments calculated to deal with social boycotts. Nevertheless, it is probable that the commissaries' promise did include the boycott question, and was intended, and taken, as a promise that the administrative service should be purified of the hard-headed and hard-hearted old Prussian official, whose Lutheran soul and narrow intelligence precludes him forever from being able to admit into his bureau any but a Lutheran underling like unto himself.

But the commissaries of the revolution meant more than this. If they threatened to restage the *Kulturkampf*, it was because the *Kulturkampf* had never reached its true conclusion.

The *Kulturkampf* involves the most fundamental principles on the vast subject of the claims of church *versus* state, and these principles are not of to-day, or even of yesterday. Even that short phase of this age-long quarrel, which is known as the Bismarckian *Kulturkampf*, can be traced throughout the nineteenth century. It is perhaps worth while to recall the fundamental article of the older German revolutionists, the men of 1848, which article ran:

> Every religious community (church) shall be autonomous in ordering and administering its affairs, but is subject, like

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every other community, to the law of the state. No religious community shall enjoy at the hands of the state a privileged position higher than that of any other. Further, there shall be no state church. New religious communities may be formed, and require no recognition of their faith from the state.

That article was framed as a whole. If, on the one hand, there was a promise of the strictest impartiality toward all religions and sects, a promise which, as we have seen, the Bismarckian state carried out both in the letter and in the spirit, on the other, there was an undeniable demand for the submission of the religious community 'to the law of the state.' In other words, the men of 1848 were partisans; they sided with the supremacy of the state; they summed up against the church. But the peculiar character of the quarrel between church and state is that whichever side states its case absolutely in the long run comes to rue it.

The reply to the secular challenge of the first half of the nineteenth century, embodied in this short article of 1848, was some time in coming; but it came at last. In the Papal Bull on Infallibility, which was issued in 1870, after dramatic scenes at Rome not surpassed in the history of the Curia, the authoritarian church took up the challenge flung to it by the authoritarian state-idealist.

It was open to Bismarck to withdraw from the absolutist position; he did no such thing. On the contrary, he launched an offensive-defensive, initiating a controversy not equaled in recent times for violence and acrimony. What was at the bottom of Bismarck's mind? First and foremost, he undoubtedly represented his time. In his challenge to clerical absolutisms he was the real exponent of the century which produced Darwin and Bradlaugh. He ranged his country on the modern side, and against the mouldering antiquities of the Middle Ages; incidentally, that is one reason why Germany outstripped Austria by a century or so. But there were also surface reasons. Bismarck himself always declared that he was drawn into the *Kulturkampf* because it seemed to him part of the struggle for national and united Germany; the church made common cause with the Poles, therefore, the church must be fought alongside of the Poles. But what is remarkable, is not so much that the *Kulturkampf* ever began, but rather that it ever ended. Astonishing has been the irregular flaring up and the irregular dying down of the flame of this quarrel.

The explanation is that after its dramatic opening act the *Kulturkampf* was set aside by the irruption of a major fear—the fear of the people's will. To scotch popular government, authoritarian state and authoritarian church agreed to wait. Minor spasmodic outbursts were allowable within the Federal States, but by tacit consent no great central contest has been staged between church and state since 1877. Thus Germany, when the revolution came, showed a kaleidoscopic religious front; church inspection of schools was allowed in Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Oldenburg, Waldeck-Rudolstadt, but had been abolished in favor of secular inspection in Baden, Hessen, Thüringia, Meiningen, Altenburg, Reuss J.L., and the Hansa towns; the non-confessional school was legal, but only in Baden, Hessen, Weimar, Meiningen, Nassau. This tacit compact, a kind of unfriendly friendship across the gulf, received a curious illustration in the course of the war. In the spring of 1917, the government was hard put to it to find income, and practically 'swopped' the imposition of a new coal tax against the rescission of the Order forbidding the

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Jesuits; the Centre Party agreed to find the majority for the coal tax, and the government got the old Bismarckian order rescinded.

Now, for the first time in the history of Germany, this third party, the forces of Socialism, are in the ascendant. And, if so, the authoritarian church is once more face to face with an opponent worthy of her wrath. The Bismarckian state has failed to stop the advance of popular forces; can the church do so? For we must remember it is again a question of authoritarianism against authoritarianism; the Marxian Socialist is a more intransigent exponent of the absolute state than ever Bismarck was. Are we, then, face to face with a new and more acrid *Kulturkampf?* Probably not; the old positions would seem to have been undermined. There is both a touch of humor and also a touch of triviality in the present situation.

The Socialist is no longer the pure state absolutist; the clerical has again remembered to become, what he has so often been, of, and not against, this world. There is a touch of humor if the church is embarrassed by finding the Socialist enemy captained by her own most popular and energetic leader. Nor is this entirely due to the vagaries of that most vagrant of ministers, Herr Erzberger himself. With due caution, without ever announcing a policy or binding itself with a fundamental promise, the Centre Party has loosened its interlocking bonds with the Right and sought a cautious handgrip with the Left; this is the true barometer of the rise of democracy in Germany, for the Centre Party does not know how to side with a loser. In the days of the *Kulturkampf* the Centre found its natural ally in the editor of the Junker *Kreuz-Zeitung;* in the days of the Hoffman decrees it secures the help of *Vorwärts!*

On the Socialist side, too, the sting has gone. 'Religion is a man's own concern' (*Privatsache*); further than this the Socialist writ no longer runs. The early anti-religious propaganda of Socialism is out of date. The milder attitude of Socialism takes all the virulence out of the attack, and all the backbone out of the defense. On either side absolutist pretensions are in abeyance.

Thus an attempt made to revive the *Kulturkampf* on a grand scale at the outset of the revolution ended in failure. When the first revolutionary minister for culture in Prussia, the notorious anti-Christian, Adolf Hoffman, published his school decree of November 28, 1918, abolishing at a stroke of the pen all authority of the churches over the schools, public opinion condemned him without further parley. His colleague in the ministry, Haenisch, in two plain spoken *communiqués* of December 13, 1918, and January 1, 1919, condemned him, and rescinded his decrees on December 29; only Hoffman's illness saved him from the unpleasant necessity of resigning. By this prompt disavowal the Socialists won golden opinions from the bourgeoisie.

Indeed, it is the bourgeoisie which is now inclined to blame the Socialists as to 'compromising.' The bourgeoisie are now in the position of the third party, once occupied by the Socialists. This is a fact of importance. It means that the onus of proof lies with the two sets of 'extremists,' with those who want to establish less religion in Germany, or with those who want to establish more. The public desires peace on this question. The memory of the *Kulturkampf* is humiliating—humiliating to national pride, to the religious conscience, and above all to common sense. Common sense is now to be the touchstone of all solu-

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tions. To be sure, she receives the sounding title of 'absolute liberty of conscience for each man'; but, as a matter of fact, it is not liberty which the public seeks, but a rational frame of mind. Not liberty, because liberty has long since been secured; but reason, and especially that form of reason which deprecates widening the area of conflict. This was very plainly seen in the contest, just concluded in the National Assembly at Weimar, about those Articles in the new constitution which are to settle the school question.

The struggle was between three types of schools: confessional or denominational, interdenominational, and secular. The first reading threw out both the 'extreme' types, and left only the interdenominational. But the Centre pressed for more; they could only get it at a price, and the second reading established all three types on an equality, the decision in each case to be given by the parents, say at intervals of five to eight years. Then the Democrats arose in anger: 'the parents were to decide, forsooth; well, this would be a religious war with a vengeance, carried into every remote village; let not atheist and priest imagine that they were going to rend Germany between them; the native common sense of Germany would have no such thing.' Angrily they insisted on some kind of alteration in the third reading, and it was agreed that the interdenominational school shall be established as normal and regular, while the 'extreme' types can only be set up as the result of a special request from a group of parents, who have to take the initiative. Such a solution rests on common sense, with a background of established liberty (the choice of the parents).

What emerges out of the controversy is this, that it sleeps when the empire is in abeyance, but awakes as soon as centralism is attempted. It sleeps when the unitary state is forgotten. For a simple reason; because natural sense informs the public that after all there is no great injustice in allowing the Catholic to have his confessional schools in Bavaria, if the Prussian may have his Protestant or interdenominational schools in Prussia; the problem has been solved by a rough method of decentralization. But as soon as, in 1871 and again in 1919, the German states want to draw together, they find themselves faced with the inherent difficulty of governing different states on a common plan. Yet it is necessary that they should be so governed — necessary for the good of Germany and for the good of central Europe, ever threatened by the temptations of disruption. And here the *raison d'état* must triumph over the *raison d'église*. Yet again, it dare not outrage the true religious conscience. That is what Bismarck did, and behind the materialized and arrogant church he found the fiery spark of true religion. It is also what the modern German Socialist is doing more mildly and in a less Bismarckian manner, though he would be astonished to hear himself called the successor of Bismarck. Far be it from us to say that in this great controversy the victory must always go to the state. But what the public will not stand — and here the German public acts as a section of the European public of the west — is an attempt on the part of the professional religionist to upset the practical *modus vivendi* which aims at allowing each side to pursue its own ends within certain delimited spheres.

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IS THE WAR ENDING IN DISAPPOINTMENT?

BY L. P. JACKS

THAT the Treaty of Peace has caused a general disappointment hardly admits of dispute. Disappointment is to be read not only in that large section of the press, in all nations, which openly attacks the treaty as giving us a bad peace, but equally in the other which defends it as giving us a good one. For a peace which requires so much defense and puts so severe a tax on the ingenuity of its defenders is clearly not the kind of peace in which they, any more than their opponents, can find a real satisfaction.

There is reason to suspect that not only the general public but the authors of the peace themselves are disappointed with the results of their labors. What they think of it in their innermost minds we are not, of course, permitted to know; shining candor is not a mark of modern statesmanship. Even President Wilson, whose superior candor led him, before the treaty was framed, to lay down the Fourteen Points, has said nothing to indicate that he is greatly satisfied with the result. His appeals, as I read them, take the form of urging us to make the best of a bad job. Much the same may be said of Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Robert Cecil, and General Smuts. Mr. Lloyd George, defending the treaty before the House of Commons, presented an elaborate argument to prove that it was just. A really just treaty would have needed no such defense, and the vehemence of Mr. George's argument suggests that he was aware of this. Lord Robert Cecil has been apologizing for the treaty ever since it was framed, and a mind like his can hardly be unaware of the implication. As for General Smuts, his reasons for signing the treaty may be gathered by anyone who will read between the lines of the appeal he addressed to the public just before leaving for South Africa. He signed because not signing would have been the greater evil — in which, no doubt, he was not alone. In all these utterances we look in vain for a firm belief that the Peace Treaty has been built upon the rock. The most hopeful thing they say to us is that if we take the situation in a right spirit all will come well in the end — a doctrine which holds true of misfortune in general. What we hoped for was a peace which should help us to take things in the right spirit. A peace which itself betrays the wrong spirit, and can only be made effective by being taken in the right, leaves us worse off than we were before, and is indeed the thing we dreaded most of all. What civilization needs in the present state of its affairs is, precisely, an object lesson in the right spirit, and for six long months our eyes have been turned upon Paris in the hope that it would be forthcoming. Had it been produced, the effect would have been most salutary, not only on international politics but on the social conflicts which are now threatening us with a more disastrous form of war than that from which we have just emerged. The failure to produce it is the summary cause of our disappointment, which grows the more bitter when the authors of the treaty ask us

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to redeem its errors by showing 'the right spirit.' That is what they should have done themselves. Are we not all growing a little tired of the type of statesmanship which creates 'bad jobs,' or allows them to be created, and then appeals to the public to make the best of them?

The reasonableness of our disappointment is of course conditioned by the nature of our previous expectations. So far as these were exaggerated or absurd we have no just cause of complaint. And it must be confessed that the idealism, so plentifully displayed during the war in those who 'did their bit' by reconstructing the world from their study chairs, was frequently marked by an extraordinary want of common sense and by ignorance of elementary psychological fact. Indeed, it is a remarkable circumstance, and one that goes far to explain our present disappointment, that during the whole course of the war, which has been so scientific in other respects, psychology has been treated with a neglect which is hardly distinguishable from contempt, and this in spite of the fact that it holds the key to every one of the major problems to which the war has given rise. In the early months of the struggle it was a common saying that the Germans were ignorant of psychology. In this there was a measure of truth, but subsequent events seem to indicate that the charge must now be extended to the whole body of the belligerents. And nowhere has this ignorance of psychology been more apparent than among the idealists, in all countries, who were dreaming of a 'new world' that was to come into being through the action of political peace makers. That a polyglot assembly of statesmen, representing the very traditions that needed reform, would suddenly turn their backs on the habits of thought in which they had been trained was in the highest degree improbable. Yet the whole literature of 'reconstruction,' so much of which has already become a dead letter, shows abundant evidence of a widespread belief that something of the kind was going to happen. The scantiest acquaintance with the psychology of habit would have convinced us from the first that all expectations resting on such a basis were doomed to disappointment. And, we may add, they deserved the disappointment which they have now incurred.

There were others, again, who staked their hopes on the emergence of a dominating personality; and when President Wilson began his policy of active intervention many believed they had found their man. But in fairness to President Wilson, and to all others who have failed to manifest the dominating influence expected of them, it should be remembered that the conditions with which they were faced were exceptionally difficult to dominate. It is characteristic of the modern man to clamor for 'a great leader,' and at the same time to make up his mind not to be 'led' by anybody, if he can help it. Hence the difficulty of our times is not so much in finding the leaders as in finding the followers who will consent to be led. A world conference of modern politicians would present this difficulty in its acutest form. We have here to deal with a mass of exceptionally recalcitrant material, and it may well be doubted if human greatness — sacred personalities apart — has ever yet appeared in a form sufficiently potent to 'dominate' a complex of wills so various, so self-assertive, so deeply resolved to submit to nobody. When we thought of Mr. Wilson as a possible 'great man' overpowering the Paris Conference by the vigor of his moral

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idealism, we ought at the same time to have reckoned up the other great men, or would-be great men, whose consent to a back seat would have to be obtained; and I think we should have found that the total was zero. The trouble arose not from the absence of a great leader, but from the presence of too many candidates for the same position. It was inevitable that they would tend to neutralize each other's personalities, and produce a result which was not on the level of the 'greatness' of any one of them, but a kind of lowest common measure of the greatness of them all. In supposing, therefore, as many of us did suppose, that Mr. Wilson's greatness would dominate the situation we took account of only one of its factors, ignored the psychological reactions he was certain to encounter, and exposed ourselves once more to a deserved disappointment.

Had unlimited time been at the disposal of Mr. Wilson and of his sympathizers, it is possible that he might have effected the conversion of the worldly-minded diplomats who surrounded him. But unlimited time was not at his disposal; the nations were in no mood to brook delay, and an immense chorus of voices was clamoring for a speedy decision. An amount of business inconceivably vast had to be cleared off at high pressure, and most of it was of a kind in which the intrusion of the moral idealist is apt to be resented. It is hard to conceive of an atmosphere more unfavorable to the political prophet, or of conditions in which his rejection could be more confidently predicted. That Mr. Wilson was rejected is more than I would venture to say; but he certainly would have been had he refused accommodation to the forces opposed to his principles. All of which might easily have been foreseen had we taken the trouble to read the conditions in psychological terms. When the conflict between old principles and new is hurried to a decision by external pressure, as it was in the present instance, the old invariably get the best of it. Habit is on their side; and international politics are rooted in habits to a degree of which idealists have hardly formed an adequate conception. To suppose, as many of us did, that their force could be broken by a few months of ethical propaganda, or even by the shock and suffering of the war, was a misreading of human nature for which we are paying a just penalty in our present disappointment. We ought to have foreseen that the immensity of the business to be transacted would leave the Conference with no leisure for idealism and in no mood to embark upon moral adventures. We ought to have foreseen that the tendency would be to seek solutions on traditional lines as the easiest way out of the intolerable confusion; that in the process of adjusting a multitude of differences so vast and unmanageable, the ethical movement would be not upward but downward, until the ground of agreement was finally reached on the level of the accepted, the habitual, the commonplace. Safety was the watchword of the Conference: its mind worked in terms of safeguards, precautions, penalties, deterrents. Of peace-*making*, which is the most gracious of all the arts, being founded on charity (as defined by St. Paul), it seems to have had no adequate notion. Its thoughts were centred on peace-*keeping* — a rude and negative process which works by means of external restraints, mostly ineffective, on the motives which lead to war. This decline toward the commonplace, as the only possible ground of agreement, is equally apparent in the 'justice' of the peace, which Mr.

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Lloyd George is so anxious to vindicate. Of the higher justice, which is kindred to pity, there is no trace. Agreement was found in the idea of punishment for wrong — the lowest, the least adequate, but the most widely accepted, of the many forms which the conception of justice can assume. All this was to be expected. At least it 'will surprise nobody who has ever heard of original sin.'

But while at many points the prevailing disappointment is due to the causes I have mentioned, there remains an important residuum which cannot be so dismissed. Not all the hopes that have been frustrated were foolish. Behind the millennial dreamers who have been so much in evidence during the war, there was and still remains a large body of moderate and sober-minded people whose demands took a much more reasonable form. Fully aware of the enormous difficulties which the best-intentioned statesmanship would have to surmount, these people were far from expecting that the end of the war would be immediately followed by the sudden birth of a new era in politics, morality, religion, or anything else. They knew that the peace would bear traces of having originated at a passionate moment in the world's history. They knew that from the nature of the case it could not be in all respects a work of pure reason nor of pure morality. They knew that the war, which was giving rise on the one hand to so much noble idealism, was also liberating powerful forces of a contrary nature, and that particular statesmen, however lofty their own motives might be, would not be able to escape wholly from the sinister pressures behind and around them. They knew, moreover, that it was not possible to evolve a perfect working instrument all at once out of so vast a multiplicity of conflicting interests. At all these points moderate men were prepared to allow a generous margin for imperfection and failure. Indeed, when the nature of the business before the conference became more fully known, it seemed doubtful at times whether the human mind, either singly or collectively, possessed the intellectual powers necessary for dealing with a situation so unimaginably complex and dangerous. Most assuredly they were not forthcoming. It has been a common saying that the men engaged in the conference were not big enough, either intellectually or morally, for their work. This, I think, is true; but moderate men have not forgotten that the work in question was on a scale of difficulty beyond any against which human powers have previously had to match themselves. The intellectual powers were out of their depth.

And yet it is precisely in circumstances such as these, when the human entanglement is at its worst, and the mechanical method has broken down, and 'policy' has come to the end of its limited tether — it is precisely then that noble minds perceive their opportunity and take it. For, as every psychologist knows, the mechanical method which devises 'instruments' for the regulation of motive and desire, and the 'policy' upon which these inventions are founded, have at best but a secondary function in human life. Happily, the power man has to control his destiny is not confined to the narrow area indicated by such conceptions. Other methods are at his disposal for bringing harmony out of the chaos of wills, and never in the history of the world has a larger opportunity been given for their exercise. These methods will be found described by St. Paul in his thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

We live in an age when quarreling

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has become a chief occupation of mankind. Man is by nature a quarrelsome animal, and 'civilization,' far from eradicating this tendency, as under happier auspices it might have done, has on the one hand multiplied the motives to quarreling, and on the other provided both individuals and communities with new facilities for conducting the business of strife. It has been too commonly assumed that the organization of society by drawing men more closely together would bring them to like-mindedness and to a unitary purpose. And so no doubt it would have done, and may yet do, if men were to organize for the pursuit of any noble aim, for art or beauty, or joy or religion, or the education of the human spirit. On any of these grounds men would inevitably discover their common interest, and a spirit of friendly coöperation would grow up of its own accord. But they have chosen instead to organize for the production and acquisition of material wealth. The rights of property, which are the most dubious and the most provocative of dispute, have become the typical form of human right. By organizing on this ground society has taught its members to discover, not their unity, but their differences; and at the same time created means and opportunities for asserting the differences to the uttermost. Whether the process of 'bringing men together' leads to friendship or enmity depends on the purpose in view. If the purpose is the acquisition of wealth, the tendency to quarrel among the seekers will increase with their proximity and with the growing knowledge of each other's designs which proximity brings; in which case it were wiser, in the interests of peace, to keep them as far apart as possible. A miser, for example, is always a solitary person, condemned to isolation by the nature of his calling. He must needs live like a spider if he is to live at all. A guild or league of misers is clearly an impossible conception; and this holds true of miserly communities and miserly civilizations as well as of miserly individuals. They gain nothing in the way of friendship or good will by learning to know one another, by meeting one another every day, by reading of each other's doings in the daily papers, or by sitting together at a round table, with telephones at their elbows. On the contrary, the more contact is established between greedy forces the more certain they are to fall out. And thus it is that modern civilization by increasing contact has developed that quarrelsome spirit, both internecine and international, which has become so marked a feature of the present age, and has found its great expression in the recent war. What then, we may well ask, would be gained by forming a League of Nations if we are still to be faced by the certainty that as they learn to know one another more they will also learn, as covetous nations needs must do, to like one another less?

Surely we were entitled to expect that the collective wisdom of the world's greatest statesmen would pay some regard to these conditions — that they would view their task in its connections with the general needs of a covetous and strife-ridden age, and do their best to make their work a model of conciliatory method, set as it were at the apex of the world's affairs. Important as it may have been to vindicate the claims of punitive justice, it was infinitely more important to set an example not only to the new states that were being created, but to the factions, class interests, and predatory movements which are everywhere threatening disaster to the fabric of human society. The call for a gener-

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ous spirit was clear and urgent beyond all else that the occasion demanded. But it was not heeded. With an amazing lack of the sense of proportion, the mind of the peacemakers allowed itself to be dominated by a conception not only without value as a peace-making instrument, but highly dangerous in such a connection — that, namely, of justice as it is understood in the criminal courts. A worse starting point for the work in hand could hardly have been found, and the result has been to produce a model which will not bear imitation. There need be no hesitation in saying that if the model were widely followed in dealing with the many forms of internal strife that now threaten the integrity of states, disaster would be inevitable. Suppose, for example, that the 'war' between labor and capital were to come to a definite result in the victory of the former, and that victorious labor in imposing its terms upon vanquished capital should proceed after the manner of the peacemakers of Paris. The war which was to end war ought surely to have ended in a manner very different from this.

Here it is that we reach the grounds of legitimate disappointment. The heroism with which the war had made us familiar led us to hope that the peace would display at least some traces of the same quality — and the value of a trace would have been enormous. We look for it in vain, and are left with the impression of an anti-climax to an heroic episode in the history of the world.

Broadly speaking, the treaty falls into two sections: the first dealing with the League of Nations, and the second with the conquered foe. A third section might be found in the clauses which deal with the creation of new states; but as these are mostly formed out of the territories of the vanquished, the twofold division is sufficient.

The wisdom of including the creation of the League and the imposition of terms on the conquered in a single document has been gravely doubted from the first; and as things have turned out it would seem that the doubt was justified. On one condition only was it possible to effect so difficult a combination — the simple condition that the spirit, motives, and principles applied to the one thing should be in complete harmony with those applied to the other. If justice, faith, reason, and mutual respect were to be the keynote of the League, then passion, mistrust, and fear must not be suffered to influence, still less to dominate, the terms imposed on the conquered foe. The mere suspicion that these motives were active must be avoided at all costs. A degree of mutual confidence among the nations far higher than existed either before the war or at the end of it, had to be created; failing which, it was clear from the outset that no League of Nations, however ingeniously contrived its 'machinery' might be, would have the least chance of success. To create this feeling would have been difficult enough even if the formation of the League had been the only problem before the conference. It was rendered enormously more difficult by conjunction with the other, in which, from the nature of things, passion and unreason were certain to be clamorous. To provide a common ethos for two objects so disparate in their nature, the first born of a lofty idealism, the second so liable to be swayed by motives of greed and revenge; to accomplish with the one hand a work of reconciliation among the peoples, and with the other to deal out justice to an offender who had become a focus for hatred and been judged in advance; to do both things

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in such a spirit that each should reinforce its fellow — here was a task to put statesmanship to the test. This was the danger point of the whole operation. It would have been better, a thousand times better, to forego nine tenths of the advantages which custom allows to the victor, and to err greatly on the side of lenience than to commit the contrary error of pressing the victor's rights to their extreme limits. For the effect of taking this latter course could only be to confirm the prevalent belief in the selfishness of nations, a belief absolutely fatal to the project of a league, until some signal act of international generosity has proved it to be false. I do not say that this act would have been easy. It would have required a degree of courage parallel to that displayed by the allied peoples in the darkest days of the war, of which, indeed, it would have been a noble and fitting consummation. It would have alarmed the timid; it would have angered the rapacious; it would have fluttered the dovecots of journalism; it would have caused a number of eminent persons to be denounced, for nine days, as 'pro-Germans'; but it would have laid a solid foundation for the League, and the hearts of the peoples would have leaped for joy. In short, it would have been the beginning of that 'new era' which so many have prophesied as the sequel to the war, but which, as things now are, has still to begin.

It has been wisely said that no great or worthy action ever proceeded from the motive of fear. Yet there is reason to believe that fear is intensely active in the minds of the statesmen who now rule mankind. It is a motive that grows with the increase of great possessions. Hence it is that the thing known as 'policy' (which I should be sorry to have to define), and international policy most of all, takes more and more the form of creating 'safeguards,' whose ultimate object is the protection of material wealth. It is noteworthy, for example, that Mr. Lloyd George, when defending the treaty in the House of Commons, laid much emphasis on the fact that 'the world has had a great fright.' One by one he pointed out the various 'guaranties' provided by the treaty against the future misconduct of nations; and when he came to the supplementary guaranty, in the compact of Great Britain and the United States to protect France against further attacks from Germany, he justified the whole mass of these precautions by appealing to the frightened state of the world. In this the Prime Minister unconsciously gave the key to the whole Treaty of Peace, and to the policy which has determined its form. It is the product of a thoroughly frightened world. It represents the misgivings, the mistrusts, the dark suspicions, the apprehensions for the morrow, and the consequent incapacity for great action to which governments are reduced when fear has taken possession of their souls. In the elaboration of its safeguards, its precautions, its guaranties, and, most of all, its penalties, we may read a profound distrust of mankind, of which the focus rests upon Germany and the penumbra extends over the whole body of nations. One is reminded of the man in Mark Twain's story who was afraid of lightning. There was a lightning conductor at every corner of his house; they formed its principal feature; the whole structure bristled with them. At the first thunderstorm the conductors did their duty, attracted the lightning, and the house was wiped out of existence.

A paper contributed by Lord Robert Cecil to *The League of Nations Journal* for August seems to me to point the same moral. Lord Robert writes:

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'Marshal Foch told a body of journalists the other day that the secret of victory was to have no doubts. In war he who doubts is lost. The maxim is true of all great enterprises. . . . The conception of the League of Nations is firmly rooted in the faith, the will, the humanity of millions of people, and they may be trusted to insist on such modifications of its structure as will cure its first defects.'

This is admirable doctrine, though I cannot help thinking that the application of it is somewhat belated. It should have been preached, and effectively preached, to those who were engaged in drawing up the Treaty of Peace. It is they who should have been told to dismiss their doubts and fears. They should have been warned against allowing either doubt or fear to become a predominant motive in determining the treatment allotted to the conquered foe, or in framing the measures that were intended to secure the peace of the world. Had this been effectively done, the public would have had less difficulty in resisting its doubts at the present moment. At least there would have been fewer doubts to resist. It is not so easy to dismiss them in regard to the working of an instrument which shows so many signs of being itself the creation of a doubting, fearful mind.

Had this propaganda against doubt and fear been launched at the right moment and taken to heart by the assembled statesmen of the world, who needed it far more than the peoples they represent, it is easy to imagine the difference that would have been made in the general form of the peace. The nature of the terms imposed upon the Central Empires — the chief object of the doubts and fears in question — would have been brought more closely into line with the British tradition in dealing with a conquered foe, which is not based upon fear. The British are by no means averse to punish an enemy, but they have been generally satisfied with the punishment which consists in beating him to his knees on the field of battle, always a terrible form of punishment for a high-spirited nation. This done, our custom has been to regard the demands of punitive justice, to which, as I have said, we are not indifferent, as in the main satisfied. To pursue punishment to the extreme limits which victory renders possible, to cripple the fallen foe so that he cannot rise, to deprive him of his self-respect, to penalize his unborn generations — all this is not only offensive to our dignity as a warrior people, but has come to be regarded, by enlightened statesmen, as opposed to the plainest dictates of common sense, as bad business of the most deplorable kind. Had it been otherwise, the British Empire would never have come into existence. The statesmanship which has built up the empire has perceived that mankind needs all its resources, economic, intellectual, and moral, for maintaining its footing on the planet, and that the British Empire had everything to lose and nothing to gain by the destruction of any part of the human heritage. Hence its principle has been to enlist the beaten foe, with whatever culture or power he might possess, under its own banners, and not to reduce him to a state of impotence or ruin. This is the principle which many of us hoped would have a modest share in the making of the peace. It is not that we were affected with tenderness for the Germans, nor that we were indifferent to their repentance. But as Britons, with the history of the empire behind us, we knew that spoliation was bad business and that any excess of punitive justice would not only fail of its

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object, but create immense obstacles to the repentance of Germany. And we naturally hoped that our companions in victory would be induced to profit by our experience, especially in regard to the foundation of the League.

When, for example, the Sikhs had been conquered, what we said to them was, in effect, something like this: 'You people have proved yourselves good in using a gun. Throw in your lot with us, and we will provide you with a better gun than you have ever used before.' That worked extremely well. In like manner we said to the Boers, 'You people have shown great qualities. We desire their conservation, and promise you that within the empire you shall have the widest scope for their exercise.' That also has worked well, for the result of it has been—General Smuts. Imagine, then, the difference that would have been made if a similar style, a similar attitude, had been adopted by the peacemakers of Paris to the conquered Germans. 'You people,' they might have said, 'have excellent brains and have proved yourselves capable thinkers. Our terms as conquerors are that these thinking powers of yours, which you have hitherto abused, shall be passed on intact to the service of the society of nations we are now trying to form. We need your intellectual resources for the vast works we have in hand. Your faculty of organization, your mental thoroughness, your habits of discipline, and all else on which you base your claim to be a cultured nation, are now to enter a new service, where they will be cured of their attendant vices and provided with a higher field of exercise, and become a much-needed contribution in helping the world to bring order out of the chaos which in the evil past you did so much to create.'

When we remember the vast number of generals they have, or recently had, in Germany, it is hardly possible to doubt that at least one of them may have in him the making of another General Smuts. Even if they can produce only one, that one, merely as a thinking force, would be worth more to the League of Nations than the Kaiser's head or another thousand million of indemnity. The gravest charge that can be brought against the peace is that, for the present at least, it closes the prospect of any such happy event.

I submit, then, that we have just reasons for our disappointment. None the less, let us heed Lord Robert Cecil's advice, and abstain from nursing our complaints. Thankful that things are not much worse than they are, as they certainly would have been without his presence and that of a few others like him at the Conference, let us resolve, as he bids us, to make the best of a bad job. Our political history has provided many opportunities of practising this virtue in the past; we are indeed far from being novices in this sort of thing. Doubtless, we can do it again. In the present instance, however, the 'bad job' will not be made the best of until the whole structure of the Peace Treaty as well as its spirit has been fundamentally changed. What form the change must take has, I trust, been sufficiently indicated.

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MIGHT, RIGHT, AND INTELLIGENCE

BY PAUL GAULOT

HUMANITY is a tributary of might. Only when might guarantees the nations their most precious possessions, liberty and order, are they happy. Since the dawn of the world things have been so arranged and, let not visionaries who dream of transforming society take offense, so shall it always be, for the first condition of the transformation of society is the transformation of the men who compose it, and no one can change human nature.

In a certain sense, Christianity understood this problem and its solution, if solution there is. Unlike Utopians who strive to build a perfect society of imperfect men, the Christian church strove to improve men, but the task presented such huge difficulties that it met with but little success. Where are the baptized or unbaptized Christians to-day who love their neighbor as themselves?

Thus chained to Might, Humanity struggles, but can break its bonds only when Might takes service with the powers of evil, and seeks to destroy those institutions which are Humanity's reason for existence. There are times when the world seems nearing a promised goal, when an advance seems permanently won; then, presently, a new conflict arises whose violence breaks down the fragile barrier opposed to evil instincts, and once more Civilization retreats before Barbarism. How true are those words of Rivarol, 'The most civilized empires are as close to barbarism as the most polished steel is to rust; nations, like metals, shine only on the surface.'

Fifty years have passed since the triumph of the Bismarckian formula, *Might makes Right.* The world endured it for half a century, and would have seen an extension of its empire, if the efforts of the Allies had not overthrown the bad actor who succeeded Bismarck, the fortunate adventurer. Why, after so recent an escape from so fearful a peril, must the world now be exposed to a still more dreadful danger? Of what use is it to crush the theory that Might makes Right, if we must now battle against the formula 'Might outweighs Intelligence'?

The danger, which is so acutely at hand, does not date from yesterday, and it is an error to regard it as one of the consequences of the war. It existed long before the terrible *melée;* but was seen only by far-seeing men, who were not, however, able to foretell the rapidity with which it was destined to develop. To-day we are beholding the struggle of the muscle with the brain, and muscle seems almost about to win the day. To hear those who are fighting for the supremacy of manual labor, the victory is already at hand.

When our revolution of 1789 abolished the old privileges and proclaimed the equality of all Frenchmen, it took care to add that the only future distinctions between citizens would be 'those of their virtues and their talents.' This was the language of good sense, a tongue then understood by all the nation. But it is not the same to-day, and this phrase is quite out of fashion, not because of the 'virtues' but because of the 'talents' which

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seem actually to imply the superiority of those possessing talents to those who do not. No, for these latter folk all such superiority calls for rigorous condemnation, precisely because those who have the least right to call for such condemnation are urging it with the greatest bitterness.

There exists to-day a certain number of renegade bourgeois who have gone to work with the laudable intention of exciting the lower layers of the manual classes to a profound hatred of the middle class world which they represent as a bog of all vices; they employ all the resources of a deceitful rhetoric to show that manual labor is the only labor that counts, while intellectual work is only a sly kind of laziness. And failing to notice that the utterers of these phrases were not men of horny hands but agitators who lived either from subsidies paid by their complaisant dupes, from their own incomes or through the exercise of one of the professions, the gulled manual workers have docilely adopted an opinion which at the same time flatters their vanity and serves their interest. Since they alone labor, they alone should have the fruits of labor, and from these premises, they have come to consider themselves exploited, not only by their employers but by the community itself. Going a step further they imagine that the fate of humanity lies in their hands, and to them alone belongs the governing power. Under the phrase 'Dictature of the Proletariat,' there are many who look forward to grasping the property of their fellow citizens; they wish to bring about the order which their wire pullers have flashed before their eyes.

Dictature of the Proletariat! The phrase is seductive because of its vagueness. It permits each one to envisage, under the form which most appeals to his imagination, the satisfaction of his appetites; and because his horizon is limited to the world of material pleasures, life will be, for the proletarian at least, one long and splendid junket. Such is the ideal to-day dangled before the manual workers. It is enough for a certain faction to know that their scheme has been realized in Russia to make them neglect meat and drink in their effort to force us into a like condition, to become as Russia under the tyranny of Bolshevism, under the abominable dictature of a pretended proletariat. No document, no story of that orgy of blood can restrain them. O dictature! what imbecilities are committed in thy name!

These days have seen the reaching of the point at which intellectual labor, though not yet fallen into discredit or consigned to a lower rank than manual labor, is, nevertheless, *denied*. This is by no means an exaggeration. Doubtless this opinion may not be held by all the working class, for there are those who have not lost all their common sense and their notion of things as they are, but it is certainly the opinion of a majority. The notion that there is no such thing as intellectual labor is actually held; there are a hundred things to prove it every day. At a meeting of the municipal council of my little commune, a councilor recently returned from Paris, where he had worked with his hands for twenty years, spoke for 'the worker,' a phrase which to him meant only the manual worker. When I objected, saying that intellectual labor was also work, the councilor replied with this *argumentum ad hominem:* 'Do you sweat through your shirt?' and he roared his triumph when I replied that I did not write in the sweat of my brow.

What will become of a society in which the manual worker is king? Does one need to prove that it will

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mean a return to a primitive state in which the whole labor of man had to do with getting food for himself, his wife, and his little ones? There are some, of course, who will never be convinced of this; there are others to whom no demonstration of its truth will be necessary. The thing that must be said is that intellectual labor must face the danger and be ready to defend its place in the social organization.

But, and here one touches upon one of the unhappiest elements of the struggle between muscle and brain, the organization of this defense lacks unity; we are forced to confess certain desertions from the group of intellectual workers. At this very moment there are some who are actually seeking the protection of the manual workers. One could hardly have believed that such abjectness might be found among artists, writers, and poets, and why this voluntary humiliation? If it might procure those who endure it material advantages, but what Federation of Labor will be powerful enough to impose upon us a work of art, or force down our throats literature which no one desires, granted that a Federation of Labor bothers itself about works of art?

No, the brain, whose function is the control of muscle, cannot suffer the overturn of its natural position. In the reversal one would lose all without the others making any gain. Let intellectual workers be not forgetful of the fact that intelligence has duties as well as rights, for the task of completing these duties is theirs.

After a hideous struggle, which surpassed in horror all that the eyes of men have hitherto seen, Civilization has crushed barbarism and may take for the motto on her shield, Right makes Might. The victory will be a vain one, however, if Civilization remains disarmed and powerless before the other danger which now threatens her, and if she neglects to add to the first motto this one *Intelligence outweighs Might.*

Were muscle to win, the brain would surely take its inevitable revenge. But at what a cost of combats, sorrows, and sacrifices! The test would be terrible for the generation destined to endure. May the propitious Fates spare the world from such a disaster!

Le Figaro

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ON GENIUS

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

MATTHEW ARNOLD, in a passage of his *Literary Influence of Academies*, mixed, as was only too frequently his way, a saying of critical insight with a careless generalization. The latter need not concern us, but the dictum, that 'Of what we call genius, energy is the most essential part,' is worth receiving, after we have separated it from the context. But though energy is the generative force of substantial imagination, it is also, I think, equally the generative force of much else besides. The saint gains his aureole and title through the energy of holiness; the prophet, whether religious or secular, through the energy of conviction; and the man whom we call a genius derives his power through the energy of his imagination. And yet that has only brought us a step nearer to the end of our inquiry. Whence came this holiness, this conviction, this inspiration? The ancients, wiser than we, did not divide or diffuse this energy. It was one, and came to the individual, to the society, or to the race because of the inspiration of tutelary demons or genii. If we, as Christians, receive the same gifts at the hand of God, we are no nearer to piercing the mystery of the reason or nature of those gifts. We can but recognize them and marvel.

A man once said to me, 'If you want a materialist's explanation of genius you have it in the thyroid glands.' He went on to explain how, when highly developed, they wrecked the possessor's constitution, unless he was strong enough to absorb the mucus given off by them — in which case they were of inestimable benefit. Further, he mentioned a friend of ours whose name is famous in the world, and informed me that —— possessed unusually large thyroid glands. So also had Napoleon. I am not convinced by that explanation any more than I am by the suggestion that geniuses have some 'kink' in otherwise ordinary brains, that enable them to produce work which surprises and enchants by its vigor, depth, proportion, wisdom, pathos, and humor. A bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit; and the sanity and rightness, the power and universality which are the marks of genius, do not arise from disorder or insanity. The energy is, indeed, evident, and so is the result achieved by it, but the mystery remains unveiled.

If genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, as they told us when we were presented as boys with copies of Dr. Smiles's edifying but disgusting books, any plodder can be a genius. This is self-evidently false. Not even a passion for work makes genius — though seriousness or enthusiasm, if present, dignify any toils — not even a passion *in* work is genius, because that passion may not be able to use its instruments. But a passion convinced of itself and in command of itself, dealing with universal and essential matters, suffering no vicissitudes of fashion and accepted by all — *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus* — *that* is genius, though it defies both synthesis and analysis.

It will probably seem highly questionable to say so, but I believe that that common sort of talent which consists of imagination driven by an insufficient force of energy, is much more often to be found than a large energy directing a feeble or a narrow imagination. That there are men of both types is certain, but for every hundred gifted young men who for lack of creative energy fail in life, you can hardly find one whose imaginative

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impulse is slight, while his output of fruitful work is notable. When they are found, they turn out to be men secretly possessed by some one idea, an idea constricted but powerful enough for the lesser sort of ability.

Genuine genius, on the other hand, performs its gigantic tasks lightly and easily. Everything it does is appropriate and all its gestures are significant. It has a thousand ideas, each single one as effective as the simple fanaticism of the narrower intellect, and in combination incomparably more generous and lovely. Its scope, being wide, its energy has to be proportionately powerful; but it embraces the whole realm of ideas without apparent effort. It will produce a masterpiece of architecture casually, an immortal verse between handing you the salt and the pepper. Yet no man should mistake its ease, or the posed grace of its carriage, for carelessness. There was much energy to spare from the effort made (which accounts for the lack of any strain), but you and I, dear reader, who are not geniuses (unless perhaps, dear reader, you are one), would have been exhausted if we attempted half so much.

Yet genius does not work by accident. Even talent is aware of its own merits, and the artist is legitimately pleased with the new cadence in his sonata or the ringing excellence of a line in his sonnet. Still less is genius unconscious of itself. Dr. Johnson said of Burke that no stranger could stand with him under shelter during a shower without knowing himself to be in the presence of a great man. I doubt whether genius is so readily recognized without further proof, but I am sure that Burke recognized his own genius. Shakespeare only took his everlasting fame for granted when he wrote:

> Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

Some have even felt themselves to be the irresistible agents of a Cosmic Will. Napoleon was 'The Man of Destiny,' and there was no more boasting in that title than Attila used when he called himself 'The Scourge of God.' The boat could not sink that bore Julius Cæsar.

This calm assurance is a very different thing from the perky conceit of the rather-clever. The one is conscious of his genius; the other self-conscious. Oliver Wendell Holmes expressed the ordinary man's exasperation with the minor artist. 'Honest mediocrity is good,' he said, 'and genius is glorious; but a little genius is like water flavored with wine.' (I am quoting from memory, accurately in substance but without textual exactness. The book is not available for reference.) And yet there is, despite Holmes's autocratic wrath, some justification for the 'flavor of genius.' It abounds with vanity and affectation, and weakness and debts, and though these cannot be pardoned because a man is an artist, the excuse can be made that the world is a hard place for those who do not follow its traditions. 'Prove your genius,' it says, 'and we will give you honor and a little gold. Laurel shall adorn your head and eternal bronze your grave.' But proof is not easy — not so easy as the public house or women or suicide. There are, indeed, opiates for the brain.

And yet to the minor geniuses — the Villons and the Poes — poetry, to mention only one art, owes much. Genius has her grades, even as star differs from star in magnitude, and not all belong to the first or to the second rank. Instead of steady planetary brilliance, flashes come and go — flashes which, often because of their

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irregularity, attract more admiration than they deserve, and distract our attention from greater luminaries. But the light of genius is on all, whether greater or smaller, who have done, though only once, work in which the original and authentic note of imagination is to be found.

If the modern world, with all its pride of accomplishment, is deficient in genius — and that it is deficient is, I think, evident — the reason must be that doubt has sapped from its will the energy necessary to genius. We have grown afraid of ourselves, without having grown humble. Our very pride is mean, diffident, and fumbling. The mind no longer trusts any basis of belief. The 'emancipation of the intellect' has not brought the joy or the freedom promised by the secular prophets. Two periods in English history were rich in the rare quality of genius — the Elizabethan and (with all its faults) the Victorian. Both were full of enthusiasm and expectation; the first because of the opening wonders of the New World; the second because of the beginnings of imperial industrialism. Both have failed. The war has made the smouldering coals flicker to flame; but though many looked for a great renaissance of genius as its result, they have been disappointed. How small a fire so much wood has kindled! Genius, in the collective sense, that strange thing the genius of a nation, we have seen — but individual geniuses of unquestioned greatness have not recently arisen. That they will yet do so we may believe, for of genius, whose other name is inspiration, we may say in the verses that Wordsworth addressed to Toussaint l'Ouverture:

Thou hast great allies!
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

The New Witness

REMY DE GOURMONT

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

By the death of Remy de Gourmont at the age of fifty-six in the last days of September 1915, France lost one of the subtlest and most daring of its literary thinkers. Very little information concerning the private life of Remy de Gourmont has been published and that is perhaps not altogether undesirable. There is something vulgar if not morbid (like the taste of the readers of certain Sunday newspapers) in the desire to penetrate the secrets and even to know the most casual acts of a writer or some other eminent person. In the case of an author this is particularly impertinent, since by publication he has made known as much of his personality as he considered of general interest.

Remy de Gourmont was born on April 4, 1858, at Bazochesen-Houlme, and was descended, it is claimed, from that family of printers whose productions in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries make the name of Gourmont familiar to bibliophiles. In 1883 Remy de Gourmont came to Paris and was there employed at the Bibliothèque Nationale. At that institution he laid the foundations of the erudition for which he was remarkable, and while there he published certain earlier works which he was not anxious to have remembered. In 1890 he was one of the founders of the *Mercure de France*, and continued to write for it until his death. An article in the *Mercure de France* for April, 1891, called 'Le Joujou Patriotisme,' was written by Remy de Gourmont and was the cause of his dismissal from the public library. Although the article was undoubtedly a little 'fresh' and would not look well in the programme of a Conservative member, it seems now a

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rather inadequate reason for depriving a man of letters of his chief means of livelihood. Perhaps this dismissal was inevitable; Gourmont was too independent a thinker to remain agreeable to any government, and his dismissal merely confirmed him in his choice of literature as a career. From 1891 he lived the retired life of a man of letters until his death in 1915. From certain letters which he wrote during 1914 and 1915 it appears fairly obvious that his death was at least indirectly due to the shock and strain of the war. His loss was regretted by many admirers not only in France but in England, Russia, Spanish South America, and the United States.

The writer who approaches the task of estimating Remy de Gourmont's books may well be excused a certain shyness, for in him we have an exceedingly complex personality, nourished and developed by a vast knowledge of literature, expressing itself on very many subjects in different forms. Few men living can pretend to his erudition, so that to discuss the question of his literary filiation is in itself a most difficult task, and when to this is added the subtlety of his understanding, the variety of his topics, the paradox and irony of his writings, it will be seen that to form a just judgment is not easy. It is true that Gourmont is not an obscure author, though he was fond of praising obscurity in others; there is nothing in his work which is not easily understood. That is not the difficulty. The difficulty lies rather in making a synthesis, in referring the utterances of this complex and sometimes contradictory mind to a guiding philosophy or principle. Gourmont spent the best part of his life in writing and obviously wished very much to write well, yet he has produced no one supreme example of any of the forms of literature in which he worked. He was poet, novelist, literary critic, philosopher, translator, philologist, a student of biology, a skilled psychologist, and the possessor of a slowly evolved but beautiful and clear style. He is eminent as none of these, but remarkable because he possessed at once so many talents and accomplishments. He was second-best at many things, for the reason that before he was a writer, before everything he was, to use the Platonic phrase, 'a lover of wisdom.' He was a great man of letters and yet not that alone, for he used literature as an instrument to sharpen his intellect, to enable him to observe life widely and shrewdly. He did not believe in absolute truth but he was a most scrupulous recorder of what he called 'relative truth.' He was not always consistent but he was nexer a humbug, and his writings are filled with subtly noted points of psychology and remarks of deep wisdom. He was (it is an old simile) like an intellectual spider in the middle of a web of widely radiating interests. Action did not allure him (*l'homme d'action n'est qu'un terrassier*); he preferred to sit in his web of thought while the restless movement of life presented innumerable subjects for his reflection. The objects of his inquiries and reflections were most various, from the Latin poetry of the Church to the finer points in the mentality of prostitutes; from the theories of Lucretius to the habits of insects; from the technique of *vers libre* to the philosophy of war. Yet his versatility never became amateurish.

The best and most thoughtful of Remy de Gourmont's novels is *Les Chevaux de Diomède*. Much of his earlier work had a certain straining after effect, a desire for novelty at all costs, for fantastic ideas and compli-

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cated diction. He was then under the influence of curious, out-of-the-way literature. Gradually, however, and as if in spite of himself, he came to study more carefully the classics of his own and other countries; he evolved a style which was luminous and precise without losing any of his *verve* and personal orginality. Style was always a pre-occupation with him, and little by little he shed the factitious embellishments of his earlier work for a quieter but more beautiful sobriety. Style, which for the earlier Gourmont had been a kind of verbal gymnastics, became something more significant—'le style, c'est de sentir, de voir, de penser, et rien plus.' *Diomède* was written at the time when he was beginning to see the comparative futility of a book like *Le Pèlerin du Silence*. The characters in *Les Chevaux de Diomède* are not so much human personalities as abstractions, marionettes of flesh, which move at their creator's whim. Fanette, Mauve, Néobelle, Cyrène are not living women but separate syntheses of feminine traits which provide Diomède (and Gourmont) with opportunities for making profound and often cynical remarks on human nature. None of Gourmont's novels can be read as a story; he was practically incapable of describing action, so that even when he does reluctantly make something happen, it is usually so commonplace that he has to take refuge in the not over-brilliant remark that 'life is so like bad literature.' Life is only like bad literature if we refuse to see it as anything else. Gourmont's detachment from life is in many ways a serious defect; though it does give serenity and wisdom to his writings, it renders him incapable of creating a vital character. His best work begins when the novelist is silent and the philosopher speaks. His intelligence, fine and pure as it was, seldom found its true method of expression, yet that intelligence is plain through all his earlier affectations, through even his most doubtful writing. He loved the human mind and yet he never really expressed that love. He is to be valued for his tranquil wisdom, for all the kindly or penetrating or ironic or beautiful thoughts which lie scattered through his books. He was a man of ideas and thoughts, not of complete works. Who can really care about the people in *Diomède* and yet who can fail to appreciate the subtlety of the scores of little remarks like these?

> Les femmes ne sont vraiment belles que pour ceux qu'elles désirent.
>
> L'indulgence, c'est la forme aristocratique du dédain.
>
> J'estime qu'avec cinquante grognements gradués et autant de signes représentatifs, un troupeau d'hommes socialisés exprimera parfaitement tout son génie.
>
> Avez-vous remarqué, Pascase, la bonté de Dieu, et son infinie patience à modeler son âme divine sur l'âme humaine?

Such *pensées* may or may not be just, but they force the reader to think. Perhaps that is why Remy de Gourmont never became widely popular; he was always more interested in expressing some subtlety of thought than in entertaining his readers. His thought is a kind of pungent acid under whose action social humbugs and moral shams dissolve. Gourmont's irony was a deadly enemy to cant. He had no respect for institutions merely as such, nor was he ever intimidated by majorities; indeed his errors come most frequently from his independence—any argument was good which could be used in defense of personal liberty. This profound love of freedom led him to a kind of philosophic anarchism and yet he was not duped by his logic; his intelligence was too wide, too far-see-

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ing to become imprisoned in a system. The worst one can say of his philosophy is that it was highly artificial and was based on the existence of a safe and undisturbed life only insured to him by the condition of society he so freely criticized. A storm of violent action like the war threw him at once off his balance; it was some little time before he recovered enough to write his detached little fable about the warring ants.

Gourmont's constitutional inability to produce any outstanding work made him an excellent commentator on passing events. His articles were awaited with interest by readers in many countries. And he was a master of the 'literary portrait,' the short essay which gathers into a few succinct paragraphs the essential points of a writer's achievements. The two volumes of the *Livres des masques* and the five volumes of *Promenades littéraires* contain excellent judgments, not only on the writers of his own generation but on many classic French and foreign authors. A book like *Une Nuit au Luxembourg* reveals not only a profound knowledge of Lucretius, but shows the type of mind (rare enough) which meditates another author to produce new ideas. Gourmont never used literature with blind respect, never clogged his mind with his acquisitions of knowledge. Literature stimulated him and his mind moved easily and freely under the weight of its immense erudition. It may be said of him as of M. Anatole France that to read him is a double pleasure for the scholar, who will perceive many subtle references and 'over-tones,' imperceptible to the uninitiated. For years his writings were tinged with a particular flavor derived from the Latin prose and poetry of the church. Where others read Racine and Hugo, Gourmont studied Gottschalcus, St. Ambrose, Adam of St. Victor, Notker, St. Bernard, and a multitude of similar authors. His book *Le Latin Mystique* comes as a revelation to those who have never ventured beyond classic Latin. When finally Gourmont came back to more modern studies his mind was in a state to see through the veil of familiarity which hides their beauty. He came to delight in Renaissance authors, and though he wrote against the classics he studied them and, what is more, understood them as few have done.

Gourmont, as might be expected, was not a success as a dramatist. In a play, incidental beauties, however remarkable, will not atone for lack of action. His poetry always tends to be rather a mosaic of colored words than a cry of emotion or a swift dramatic moment. Yet there is charm in the sound of his *Litanies* and in the vague luxurious pictures they evoke. The chief value of Gourmont's writing is that it expresses a keen, delightful intelligence, one which was liable to error, but which possessed great subtlety and charm; and that it expresses an exquisite and detached life which had about it nothing ignoble, mercenary, or base.

The Anglo-French Review

THE MEANING OF PAIN

THE human mind is rarely content to accept things as they are, and this is particularly true as regards pain.

In all ages pain has tormented the mind as much as the body, and people have been exercised in accounting for it. In the past it has driven men more often to the priest than the doctor, and in consequence it occupies a conspicuous place in religious dogma.

In the Hebrew tradition, that Job so strongly resented, pain was a punishment for sin, and the devout believed

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that the wicked man travaileth in pain all his days; were he prosperous, it was hoped that the pains of Hell were in store for him. A belief common to the Hindus led to the idea that pain and suffering in this life redeemed the sufferer from punishment in a future existence, while in Brahmanism suffering becomes a means of acquiring merit. A similar conviction is the basis of asceticism, a practice in which suffering or discomfort is voluntarily sought in order to appease God or avoid His envy, to excite His compassion or, prompted by the highest motive, with the object of subjecting the flesh to the spirit. Though we need not go so far as the Utilitarians in believing that pain is equivalent to evil and that pleasure is good, to a certain extent in the present day we have lost the belief that pain is a punishment for sin or a trial sent by God to test our strength. Nor are we content to lie down and suffer pain as one of the ills which flesh is heir to.

Pain has lost its odium. We know it now as the Guardian Angel of Life. Only when the flesh is weak can it not be felt; and when reduced to this degree of insensibility the body, in some part or as a whole, is losing its hold on life. What has changed our belief? Is it dissatisfaction with the old beliefs, the sight of good men in pain and the wicked in full enjoyment of health? The change is rather due to the greater knowledge of the purpose served by pain and of the part it plays in the natural order of things. Pain is the trump card that Dame Nature plays to preserve or save life.

The simplest pain to understand is that which results from a simple injury. A pin piercing the skin provokes a pain, slight but sharp and very quick, sufficient to call immediate attention to the injury and to prevent the pin penetrating further. If the pin pierced far the pain may persist and keep attention on the damaged part, so that it is protected from further injury and given treatment if necessary. Pain acts here as a policeman's whistle and gives the alarm.

If the injury is more severe, as when a man falls from a ladder and breaks his arm, pain has a wider purpose to serve. As before, it directs attention to the injured part, and as it is relieved by keeping the arm at rest, and provoked acutely by the slightest movement, it makes an imperative demand for rest. By this it saves the neighboring tissues, such as muscles, nerves, and blood vessels, from damage by the splintered ends of bone, and by enjoining a long period of rest it determines a period of quiet in which healing may occur. To secure rest for the damaged part is one of the chief functions of pain; it is seen in disease as in injury. One of the sharpest pains is the pain of pleurisy, in which condition there is inflammation of the covering of the lung. The pain is provoked by an indrawn breath, like a stab with the point of a knife; to avoid it the breathing is unconsciously made shallow, and the sound lung takes on more than its share of respiration, so that the diseased side is saved and allowed to rest. Similar examples might be multiplied, and those who have suffered gout or rheumatic fever will know the pain of moving an affected joint. There is some pain that cannot be eased by rest, as, for instance, the pain of abscess or toothache. It is distracting and demands action. If an abscess forms at the root of a tooth a man will seek the pain of extraction simply because nature impels him, preferring to lose a tooth rather than that the whole body should be poisoned by matter pent up in its socket.

Sometimes the case is less simple, and pain is felt in a part that is not

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diseased. The pain of a dental abscess may be felt as earache, and the pain of hip-joint disease may be felt in the knee. In such cases it is known as referred pain, and the confusion frequently occurs between organs supplied by the same nerve. In other cases the organ at fault is not supplied by nerves able to carry painful impulses to the brain; the body then refers the pain to some other part belonging to the same segment of the nervous system. Thus in some forms of heart disease the pain is not felt in the heart, but is referred to the left arm. When this pain is acute it may radiate to the finger tips — it is the pain of angina pectoris and is one of the most fearful pains to bear.

All parts of the body are not equally able to appreciate pain. The skin is the most highly specialized part of the body in this direction. It is the envelope which protects the body, and is as important to the body as is the envelope to the balloon. While any injury to the skin causes pain, the alimentary canal may be cut or burned without sensation. If, on the other hand, it be stretched or pinched, the sickening, griping pain of colic is produced. In the natural order of things the gut cannot be burned or cut without a simultaneous injury of the skin, which injury the skin would record. But the gut may be distended in obstruction or acutely irritated by some poisonous content, and such difficulty is registered in the pain of colic. This is a pain that causes restless movement, and a man afflicted may roll in agony; in this movement, voluntary muscles are brought into play, aiding the musculature of the gut in overcoming the obstruction or helping it to rid itself of its poisonous content. The pain of colic is caused by muscular spasm, and, apart from the skin, it is the organs most liberally supplied with those muscle fibres that are not controlled by the will in which pain can be most acutely felt. The converse also holds good. Organs such as the kidneys and lungs, in which muscle fibres are few, are rarely the seat of pain. We suffer in consequence of this defect. Disease may make a great inroad on the lungs before it declares itself, while again one of the chief difficulties in diagnosing cancer in its early stages is the painlessness of its invasion. There is a disease in which the nervous system is attacked and in which those fibres suffer chiefly that carry painful impulses. In this disease the fingers may become insensitive to pain, though still sensitive to touch, and it is remarkable to what extent such fingers suffer injury; they are often burned and crushed, and sometimes so much damaged that they have to be amputated. This is due entirely to their having lost the power to appreciate pain. Were it possible to imagine the whole body in a like case one could picture men lying on the road out of sheer bravado for traffic to pass over their limbs.

Pain is imperative and insistent in the call it makes for its relief. The impulse to withdraw a finger that is suddenly struck cannot be resisted; the movement of withdrawal is an involuntary action and almost instantaneous; it is in fact a reflex action of a protective type. Pain is a psychical adjunct to such action superimposed to reinforce it. Once it is clearly understood that pain is one of nature's weapons for preserving life, we shall avoid pain and refuse to suffer it, except in so far as we understand its purpose. It is only when the cause is hopeless that we need the martyr's spirit of endurance or the fruit of white poppies to breathe a dreamless sleep.

The Athenæum

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THE VOGUE OF SPIRITUALISM

On a glorious summer afternoon in a seaside resort on the south coast I observed a crowd attacking the doors of a stuffy public building. Curious to know the attraction which was powerful enough to draw them from the coolness of the beach I joined them, and after some difficulty managed to obtain standing room at the back of a large hall, packed with people. I discovered they were there to hear a missionary with a new gospel — Sir Arthur Conan Doyle on Spiritualism. I am a layman, interested in social and religious phenomena — a moderately curious and critical man in the street. I made a few notes of the address, and my comments on it claim to be no more than the thoughts likely to be evoked by this new religion in the mind of the average educated thinking man.

Sir Arthur described his conversion from skepticism to a belief in spiritualism first by means of books, then by contact with spirits through mediums. This all took place before the war. But till the war he was only a private spiritualist. The war has made him an active missionary. The war moved him, stirred him from passivity, made him search his conscience to adjust his values, to lay fast hold on the eternal immutable convictions of his brain, to formulate and strengthen them, and to let the temporary, trivial impressions — the chaff — drift away on the wind. It was a time that tried men's souls, when men needed something worthy to cling to — not straws, but tempered steel ropes. Spiritualism was the rock which seemed to him to afford the most secure foundation of a permanent faith, and coincidently it appeared that the season was propitious for its propagation, as there was a crying need for the assurance of the existence of a future life — a world-wide sound of Rachel weeping for her children lost in battle.

For it is a peculiar audience to which Sir Arthur addresses himself — the flock of wandering sheep who have lost their shepherd, through his negligence or their inattention. It consists of those religious (and especially Christian) people who no longer believe in their religion. One is tempted to be satirical about them, to sneer at them as hypocrites or feeble waverers who do not know their own minds; but one must remember that this is a time of transition, and that he who has lost his old faith is naturally reluctant to fall back on a blank negation, and passionately desirous of finding something positive to put in its place.

It is of importance to bear this character of the audience in mind. The mission is not addressed to the agnostic, for spiritualism can only be approached properly in reverence. 'Reverence' implies something to revere. What is this something? God, would probably be Sir Arthur's answer. The admission is one that agnostics are unwilling to make. Again, it is not addressed to the believing Christian, for he needs no assurance of immortality; he already is sufficiently convinced of it, and also of the existence of spirits, good and bad. Moreover, he usually believes that spirits can be communicated with, but also has been taught that he has been forbidden by Divine commands to hold such communication.

What, then, is the message, the gospel? Sir Arthur Conan Doyle bluntly announces his conviction, a conviction so firm as to compel him to announce it; but, once announced, Sir Arthur is *functus officio*. What his hearers do with the message is a matter for themselves to decide. There is no doubt about his magnificent sincerity,

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his earnest desire to rouse and uplift his fellow men. My object is simply to appraise the message, to take it as delivered by one of its most approved exponents, and to inquire whether its claims to benefit mankind justify a probing of its further possibilities. Therefore, I assume for the moment that the preliminaries are proved, that individual existence is continued after death, that the dead individual can communicate with the living, and can and does give us information about that existence. Of what nature is that information, and can it throw any light on the phenomena said to be encountered?

The gospel is that we now have certain knowledge of the continued existence of our relatives and friends; that death is painless; that the existence beyond death is a far happier life than that on earth; that the spirits of the dead surround us, speak to and hear us, aid and cheer us by their companionship and good will; that every ordinary decent-living citizen attains this happy life; that hell is abolished, or reduced to a term of probation, a gentle purgatory; that progress is continuous; that there is good in every religion, differences of opinion existing 'over there' as here; that Christ is the highest spirit known, and exercises a particular guardianship over mankind; that the truth and value of Christianity are confirmed, but no less so the truth and value of other religions like Buddhism, Hinduism, and Mohammedanism. These are the chief discoveries which the new gospel announces.

The first obvious criticism which strikes one is the remarkable resemblance this gospel bears to the views and desires of that particular audience to which the mission is addressed. Its heads as detailed above are just those points which have been most discussed in the last thirty years, and on which large numbers, including many 'modernist' Christians, have parted from orthodoxy. Minds have revolted from the necessity of swallowing the dogmas of the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection in order to retain the name of Christians; against the doctrine of damnation in all its naked simplicity, and more particularly as applied to good men of other religions; against the doctrine of verbal inspiration, which compelled them to accept unreasonable fairy tales as the condition of being allowed to keep what they regarded as the essentials of a simple Christian life. Thus not only was the soil ripe to produce these new statements which spiritualism claims as its own, but the statements themselves are an almost exact reflection of the mental movements of the class described. The views were, so to speak, in solution, and spiritualism has crystallized them. This argument, of course, is meant to suggest that the spirit message about religion is nothing more nor less than the views of the persons who held communication with the spirits; in fact, that there is nothing in the spirit message except what the inquirers brought there. The spirit hypothesis seems superfluous if these views alone are to be accounted for.

The second obvious criticism arises from a comparison between the revelation of spiritualism now and that of Christianity nineteen hundred years ago. The main value claimed for the spiritualist gospel is that it conduces to our happiness in this life; death is painless; the next life is easily attainable by the average man; it is a thousand times happier than this life; hell is not really a torment, death not a separation, and so on. The main value of Christ's revelation was the substitution or addition of an other-regarding law (or ideal) for or to the former self-regarding law. This was attain-

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able only by a belief in Christ as the Atonement for man's sin; and to make it easier, man was given an example (Christ's life on earth), a promise of salvation, a threat of damnation, and a promise of supernatural help by the indwelling Christ. Pauline Christianity and Doylian Spiritualism have only to be set side by side in this manner to emphasize the utter inferiority of the new revelation as a religion for man. Christianity was a robust struggle against sin, an urgent call to a better life, a stimulus. Spiritualism is a self-indulgent camouflage of sin, an assurance that salvation is easier than we thought it was, an opiate.

Many other minor criticisms readily occur. If transit is painless and easy and salvation almost universal, then the sooner we die the better. Spiritualism weakens the instinct of self-preservation. Not only so, but the social incentive to improve life on earth is impaired. If the guilt of self-destruction does not involve great disability in the next life, then early suicide is very desirable. Further, is this belief a great comfort, is it a comfort at all to be in constant communication with those who have 'passed over'? Immediately they die, they cease to be of this life, their partnership with us in earthly problems is severed. Spirits may conceivably be not only a superfluity, but actually a hindrance to our efficient social effort in this life. Again, why exclude bad spirits from our investigation? If they exist, then bad spirits, *qua* spirits, and their conditions of life in the next world, are facts, and afford a field of investigation which the unbiased scientific mind cannot afford to ignore.

Of course, a sufficient answer to all such criticisms is that the facts are objectively proved; that spiritualists are merely truthful recorders. I am less concerned with external than internal evidence; and in the teaching of the spirits, as presented by Sir A. Conan Doyle, there hardly seems to me to be sufficient valuable matter to justify the man in the street in making any further inquiry. There is no doubt that spiritualism does meet a need of the age, but the doubt is whether it has not appeared in response to that need. The new gospel certainly does not appeal to me; it is the very reverse of a robust faith; there is a taint of Hedonism, of emasculation, about it which seems to render it fitter to be the faith of drones than of workers or reformers, of eunuchs than of men.

The New Statesman

A NEW VIEW OF HAMLET

BY J. C SQUIRE

Mr. J. M. Robertson will not, I hope, be again returned to Parliament, if election would mean the interruption of the work he is doing upon Shakespeare. He proposes a general survey of 'The Canon of Shakespeare'; his books on Titus Andronicus and Shakespeare and Chapman were installments of it; and a third fragment is his book *The Problem of Hamlet*, just issued by Allen and Unwin at 5*s*. net.

He begins with a summary of the views expressed by previous scholars. The æsthetic problem has been discussed for two centuries, in England and Germany especially, 'latterly with the constant preoccupation of finding a formula which shall reduce the play to æsthetic consistency.' Inconsistencies have been found in Hamlet's character and actions; weaknesses in some passages which in other passages do not appear. But 'every solution in turn does but ignore some of the data which motived the other.' One 'subjective school,' concentrating on Hamlet's character as though he were a

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real person all of whose words were actually spoken, calls him vacillating, or the slave of sensibility, or 'the victim of an excess of the reflective faculty which unfits him for action.' The obvious retort is that he is reckless of his life and frequently prompt in action. Why, then, it is answered, does he delay his mission? He does not, is the reply; but the counter-reply is that he is certainly felt to do so and that on the stage far too long a period seems to elapse. Another school here interposes. There was no weakness in Hamlet, but there were material difficulties in his way: the King was always surrounded by his guards and could not be got at. Of this, however, there is no evidence, and many bewildered persons have finally fallen on the comfortable bosom of the theory that Hamlet was mad and that, therefore, nothing he did or said is necessarily explicable or (on that assumption) in the least inexplicable. The reply to this is that Hamlet was obviously not mad, that we take a painful interest in all he thinks; and that Shakespeare was not so mad as to write a play the central figure of which was throughout all the acts puzzling an audience by speeches and deeds which had no cohesion and leading them to take seriously ruminations which were merely ravings. At all events, save among those who pity him as a maniac, Hamlet has few friends. They rebuke his weakness, and 'for not killing Claudius either at the start or in the praying scene, Hamlet has been the theme of a hundred denunciations by zealous moralists.'

Of recent years there has been a general tendency to examine the texts historically; we have grown conscious of faults of the dramatist as dramatist; faults of idleness (if the word can be used of one so productive); faults arising from lack of knowledge and time, from fatigue, from consideration of his audience, and above all — though this overlaps with the first — faults arising from the material he was using. He took his plots second hand; the crude action and characterization of the moulds frequently failed to suit what he poured into them. *Othello* is one instance; the *Merchant of Venice* is another; *Hamlet* is a third. There was an original barbaric story; there was a play (probably by Kyd) of which Mr. Robertson believes the German *Brudermord* to have been an adaptation. Shakespeare's *Hamlet* was based on Kyd's; incidents which are excrescences on it (this is the theme Mr. Robertson develops with great acumen, though he sometimes forces the pace) derive from Kyd's play; and the contradictions are due to Shakespeare's having failed to eliminate stock elements in the story which he had inherited. I think Mr. Robertson sometimes goes too far; Shakespeare may have 'taken on' the feigned madness, but I don't think he failed to make it consistent with our Hamlet. In fact, though much that Mr. Robertson says is convincing, and Shakespeare did undoubtedly fail to produce a thoroughly coherent work of art, I don't find that there is really much that clashes with the hero and his 'pessimism' and introspection.

Even as the play stands, and granted that Shakespeare was to some extent impeded by an inherited plot and the crude characterization of Kyd or another, are its inconsistencies so very hard to swallow? Read the play as Shakespeare finally left it, see it acted uncut; and, whatever minor stumbling blocks there may be in the text, whatever outcrops of a lower deposit that Shakespeare had not bothered to remove, does there not remain dominant a convincing character, a person Hamlet? Is he not as nearly complete, as positive, and as nearly like a living

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being as any character in a fiction can be? Should we not know him if we met him, 'larger than human' though he is? Do we find it so easy to define in a phrase the characters of our own friends that we should expect to 'reduce him' (as the phrase has gone) to a 'fixed and settled principle'? His actions may seem inconsequent and his words wild, but is there really any difficulty about what have commonly been supposed to be the larger stumbling blocks? To me the brooding Hamlet of the soliloquies is not intrinsically incompatible with the Hamlet who is a good soldier, and a master of fence, who lunges at Polonius through the arras, leaps recklessly into Ophelia's grave, sends his warders to their death, and boards the pirate ship single-handed. It is one thing to attack a pirate when you see one or to pink an eavesdropper; but even a man constitutionally fearless and, when issues are clear, very prompt in action, might well shrink from murdering his uncle in cold blood. Mr. Robertson quite properly asks whether all the professors who rebuke Hamlet for vacillation in that he missed an early chance of killing his uncle would themselves without hesitation have stabbed a man in the back while he was saying his prayers, however incestuous a beast he may have been. Even looking at the matter from their own point of view, treating Hamlet as a real person, 'not Shakespeare's creation but God's,' those who have argued in so many volumes about Hamlet's weakness of will (largely on the strength of his own distraught self-questionings) show a deplorable lack of imagination. And it is lack of imagination that accounts for the endless discussions as to whether Hamlet was mad: that is to say, whether certain of the actions imputed to Shakespeare's Hamlet are inconceivable as the actions of a sane man, such as ourselves. Do they know what a highly-strung man is, or what horror is?

He shams lunacy with Polonius; he is brutal to Ophelia. Reader, have you never, when overwrought, said cruel and unjust things to somebody you loved; have you never, at moments of great suffering or mental irritation, stopped on the tip of your tongue words even brutaler and beastlier, which have surged up in a hot wave against the barrier of your normal sense? Suppose it were your mother who had married your father's murderer; suppose the revelation of the crime had come to you suddenly and you were charged (for the ghost is there, and real) to avenge it. Suppose, in spite of your conviction, that you still wanted some last confirmatory evidence and that, while you waited, you were racked by thoughts of all the evil in the world and the impossibility of abolishing a crime by revenge, or of ever quieting your pain again. Suppose, nevertheless, that you *were* set on killing the beast and had to secure a certain opportunity. You might retain, as a rule, your self-command; be capable of attending to business when necessary, or acting on sudden emergencies; have quiet intervals. But might you not — especially as you would probably be unable to sleep (a thing of which there may be a hint in the 'To be or not to be' speech) — be liable to excesses of violent temper, of distracted bitter talk? Dying, Shakespeare's Hamlet restrained Horatio from suicide with the appeal:

> O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
> Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me.
> If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart
> Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
> To tell my story.

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So saying, and in his last moments making a clear political arrangement with that decision which was characteristic of him when faced by simple situations, he 'crack'd his noble heart.' But his appeal, though Horatio doubtless responded to it, has fallen on deaf ears elsewhere; and it is his eternal fate to be called a coward by bookworms, and a lunatic by the dull, who have never grasped the fact that others besides lunatics are 'of imagination all compact.' He has been as unfortunate in his death as in his life.

Land and Water

APPLES

I HAVE always been an amateur of apples, an apple-gourmand even, all in the way of honesty. As a child I hankered after forbidden fruit—the very name is associated with the apple, and these were green and hard; as a boy I made for the apple stall in Norwich Market Place, kept by an aged lady who smoked a clay pipe, on the blessed Saturdays which saw my weekly threepence; as a man I vowed to act upon an old wives' saying and wrote, 'An apple a day keeps the doctor away' upon a card set about with sprays of apple blossom, for the mantelpiece of my sitting room. And having performed more than my vow, by consuming an average of three a day all the year round, I can really call myself an amateur of apples after having eaten about 30,000 apples now that I am forty-seven. And why not? If God Almighty first planted a garden, He did not forget the apple tree; only, man had not then the freedom of the tree, and the winning of it was fraught with pain and peril.

It was an evil day for me when my young brother first heard of the Apple-john or John-apple—from Elia it was, Elia on old Thomas King, comedian, whose face, like one of these, was 'puckered up into a thousand wrinkles'; which apple is said to keep two years and to eat best when shriveled. My name might have been John, my passion is apples; the rest is obvious. 'There 's hopes for our apple when he 's older,' 'Sour now and sweet to-morrow,' these and such-like were the quips which greeted me till the joke palled. But at least my brother earned his right to quiz, seeing that he gave me every year some new tree to plant in the orchard, or else some folio or tract, venerable in crumbling calf, which bore upon my tastes.

O Quarrendons of long ago, green, with cheeks purple-red as Bardolph's nose; O Orange and King Pippins; O Ribstones, rough without and sweet within and 'holsome where the stomach is weake,' as an early writer has it; O Sunset apples, as we called them (and to this day I do not know their name), sharply angular, gold-colored, all flecked with sunset streaks of red; what to you are all the woolly Newtown pippins in the world?

Two-and-twenty apples doth Pliny name, but yet we know not which it was that Paris gave to the goddess, or with what Meilanion tempted Atalanta and won the race whose prize was Atalanta's hand. Parkinson, the King's Herbalist, as that loyal subject of the Stuarts styled himself, knows but fifty-seven sorts; Hartlib, Milton's friend, some two hundred; we know to-day a hundred or so more, mere experiments some, others that have hit the public taste, rivals of Cox's Orange Pippins themselves. Yet our old friends are still there, from the flat red Biffin of our Norfolk orchards, harsh when raw, but which, steeped in treacle and water and then dried in a slow oven and eaten cold, becomes a baked apple second to none, to the small sour cider apple of the West and

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the Marlburian glories of the Blenheim Orange. But let us not, therefore, pride ourselves upon our skill, since Evelyn tells us that 'it was through the plain industry of one Harris, a fruiterer to Henry VIII, that the fields and environs of about thirty towns in Kent only were planted with fruit from Flanders to the universal benefit and general improvement of the country.'

All honor to Harris the Fruiterer, worthier of record in the Dictionary of National Biography than many who are found there. Honor to Samuel Hartlib, friend of Milton and writer of tracts on the planting of orchards, from the undated 'Design for Plentie, by the Universal Planting of Fruit Trees' to the 'Cornucopia: a Miscellaneous of Lucriferous and most Fructiferous Experiments, Observations, and Discoveries' of some years later.

And all these concentrated sweetnesses, these balls of goodly eating, come from the harsh and thorny crab. Out of the strong comes forth sweetness indeed; yet, if 'crabbedness' perpetuates the ill-qualities of the wild apple, crab-apple jelly is of all jellies most luscious, most simple, and in color most enticing. Yet from the same crab apple is made verjuice, bitterest decoction that can pass a mortal's lips; it was Sappho, was it not, who first spoke of bitter-sweet? She should have said it of the crab, as well as of love.

What had Milton, in his blindness, done without the apple?

What was pomatum, as Gerarde of the Herbal knew it at least, but 'the pulp of apples, lard, and rosewater which dulcifyeth the skin?' And is not apple pie as old a dish as any in England, enshrined securely in nursery rhyme? Who would not gladly eat of 'appil mosse, seethed and fretted through an heryn (hair) sieff,' as a writer of 1450 has it; or of Sir Kenelm Digby's Apples in Gelly, made when Pippins are in their prime for quickness, which is in November, with Orange Peels scattered among them in little pieces or chips; or of his Sweet Meat of Apples, made of John apples, with Juyce of lemon and Ambergreece, all Incorporate and Penetrate; or of his Marmulate of Pippins, with yellow rind of Limons rasped very small, Ambergreece also, and a fourth part of Musk?

'Chyldren love an apple more than golde,' says wise John de Trevisa, Fellow of Queen's, that died in 1412. Give them the chance of loving them, you that live in the town; in the country they will get them anyhow, in their own garden or another's; and gardeners will draw upon the depleted apple room for them when the dinner table goes fruitless. The year 1918 will not go forgotten in history; but in the memory of those who lived through it there is a shadow over the glorious autumn days—small, indeed, but real enough after a year of sharp restrictions — the apples failed, and failed completely. Corn grew golden in field, hillsides were more covered than for generations, and blackberries ripened in hedges bright with hips and haws; but there were no apples. Yet there was some consolation in the apples of memory. I took my books and read of Dessert Apples, Peasgood Nonsuch, Sykehouse Russet, Lamb Abbey, Pearmain, Braddick's Nonpareil — Elia's fruit girls it was who went about the theatre bidding the audience 'chase a Nonpareil, chase a bill of the play'—or dreamed over Cornish Gillyflowers and Northern Spies. Or I glanced over the lists of Kitchen Apples basely called 'Cooking' nowadays, and read of Codlins and Hawthorndens, Doctor Harveys, Beauties of Kent, and

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Yorkshire Greenings. Or my soul was in the west, now among the lanes of Devon, now in Ross-upon-the-Wye; or now again in Kentish orchards, among the laughing apple pickers, whose livelihood comes straight from the industry of good old Harris, Fruiterer to Henry VIII, and the Universal Benefit therefrom accruing. And I felt my throat, for there at least the Adam's apple tells us how our first forefather choked upon a piece of the Forbidden Fruit, and bore it thereafter not as punishment only, as the Schoolmen had it, but as token that his sons should be a race of apple-eaters—*quorum pars minima ego.*

The Saturday Review

WOOTTON HILL IN WINTER

BY SYLVIA LYND

Crouching before the bitter North,
As if in anger driven forth,
A caravan against the sky,
The trees along the hill go by —

Tall hooded pine and muffled fir,
Larches clad in gossamer,
Oaks that mighty burdens bear,
Thorns that humping dwarfs appear —

A refuge do they find at last,
And all their terrors from them cast,
And straighten their strong backs, and sigh,
And stand upright against the sky.

So do they move again, again,
Like an old song with a refrain,
Like water curling round a stone,
Or like my thoughts when I'm alone.

The Athenæum

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SUSPICION

[EDITORIAL NOTE: Under this title M. Paul Bourget has recently published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a strikingly dramatic one-act play. We are fortunate in being able to reprint the scene from which the drama takes its name.

Mme. Lavergne has not seen her son Philip since his marriage with an artist's model some ten years past. She wishes to see her grandchildren, and has written to her son to bring them. Philip will agree to do so only on condition that his wife shall accompany him. In the discussion which follows between the mother and the son, Mme. Lavergne divines the secret which explains the conduct of her son.]

SCENE IV

Mme. Lavergne, Philip

Mme. Lavergne: Answer me, yes or no, am I right in thinking that you require me to receive your wife as my daughter-in-law before I can see my grandchildren?

Philip: I cannot come here without my wife nor bring my children without their mother. To do so would be a public confession that I am ashamed of her. I shall not insult her thus.

Mme. Lavergne: You prefer, then, to insult your mother?

Philip: Insult — how? Do you think that I would ask you to receive Jeanne, if I did not profoundly, completely esteem her? You doubt my testimony? Make inquiries for yourself.

Mme. Lavergne: There is her past, my child, a past which you do not deny and she avows.

Philip: Just because a poor young girl, isolated, disarmed, and surrounded by egoisms, happened to meet a scoundrel in whom she had faith, a rogue who played with her a comedy of love though intending to abandon her later — you think that life holds nothing of honor for this young girl, that the gates of the moral world are forever closed against her. Such was your condemnation when I asked your authority to marry. Your severity could then be understood. You could think me taken in, and say 'I shall await the future.' Well, what has the future revealed? An irreproachable wife and mother. Why do you still condemn her?

Mme. Lavergne: I do not condemn her; I simply do not receive her. That is not quite the same thing. I do not recognize her as my daughter-in-law.

Philip: I — I recognize her as my wife. But it is useless to continue our discussion. We shall arrive at no arrangement. In ten years we shall still be disputing in the same manner.

Mme. Lavergne: And you have decided?

Philip: To let things go as they were before. It is hard, but it is the best way.

Mme. Lavergne: By no means! I do not accept your decision. I have found you again, and I do not wish to lose you again nor my grandsons. You shall hear all. I have seen them. I hungered so to see them. I was doubtful of them. I said to myself, are they really his children? One day I watched by your door. The children went by with their nurse. Both of them were you at their age. Ah — but the call of the blood exists. How it cried in my veins there on the sidewalk! I wanted to take the two little ones in

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my arms and press them to my heart. But I did not dare to. So I wrote.

Philip: But, mother, obey the call of the blood. Yield all to it. Do you not see that prejudices should not stifle it.

Mme. Lavergne: But it is not prejudices we are discussing, my friend, but principles.

Philip: What principles? That a man ought to marry a wife of his own class. That a woman is forever beyond the law of honest people because, unmarried, she once belonged to a man. A nice principle for our world to defend.

Mme. Lavergne: But we are not speaking of the world but of the family.

Philip: Mother, between us at this instant, let us have no misunderstandings. You speak of the family. In society does one take notice of the fact that at one's own table may be sitting women who are carrying on a *liaison?* It is quite the thing to invite the husband and the lover to the same affair. When I left school and began to go about, these matters formed the drama of my youth. How painful was the daily revolt of my youth and inexperience against the hypocrisy which I saw about me. I have not yet encountered the homage paid to virtue. I might as well tell you now that it is the presence of this universal lie, which has made me quit your salons and go to what the worldly call 'Bohemia.' I shall never be a great artist; my little amateur talent will never carry me far. Well, I do not regret it. At least, after my own ideas, I shall have lived a real life, and my tastes, my heart, and my mind have been above imposture.

Mme. Lavergne: With what bitterness, with what hardness, you speak of that youth of yours which is my happiest recollection. Philip, you were, nevertheless, happy with us?

Philip: I have made a mistake. I should have gone before. Good-bye, mother.

Mme. Lavergne: No, stay. In listening to you, I heard hatred in your voice. It was as if you kept in your heart's depth a torturing personal rancune against your life with us. Come, Philip, you have no reproach to make against your father? Or [hesitating] against me?

Philip [supplicatingly]: Mother!

Mme. Lavergne: Yes, Philip. You turned your eyes away from mine; you were unable to meet my gaze. Why? More than once I have said to myself, 'When a son marries, as mine has married, only by trampling on his mother's affections, it is either because he is under the domination of some crafty woman or because he holds something against his mother which has destroyed his affection, respect, and deference for her.' I said to myself, 'The woman is back of it all.' You do not answer. You have something against me?

Philip: Mother, let me go now.

Mme. Lavergne [going to the door and detaining her son]: You shall not go. This time I intend to make you tell me all. When you changed, you did not know this woman. For you changed all at once. The change dates from before your father's death when you resigned your place at the law courts without consulting us and saying only that you wished to be a painter, have a studio of your own, and live by yourself on the little fortune left you by your aunt. It followed that unfortunate duel with your comradè, Vernet. We attributed your resignation to your shame of that unhappy night when you struck him at the café. We agreed that it would be painful to meet him at the law courts every day after such an adventure. Was that the real reason?

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Philip: Mother what are you going to imagine?

Mme. Lavergne: I imagine nothing. I only look at you. An inconsequential duel in which one scratches one's adversary's arm over a café quarrel — one smiles at it after a lapse of twelve years. Yet when I mentioned Vernet's name, I saw your face change.

Philip: I tell you once more that you are merely stirring up an episode which is no longer of any interest.

Mme. Lavergne: Why, then, does your voice shake in asking me to say no more about it? At that time, when I saw you so obstinately set against your comrade, an idea came to me — there is something behind this. I thought of a secret insult to which you had replied by a public one. [Approaching Philip, and with passion] Philip, the person whom you could not bear to see every day was not Vernet — it was Naulin!

Philip: Mother! [He hides his face in his hands.]

Mme. Lavergne: Now I know. Everything is becoming clear. Because I am an honest woman, Philip, and have nothing, nothing with which to reproach myself, and because I am your mother, your duty is to answer me, yes or no. Did that wretch mention Naulin's name to you in connection with mine?

Philip: He said something to me.

Mme. Lavergne: What he said to you I shall not ask. Your act — the blow which you gave him tells me even more than I care to know. And your conduct following it, too, reveals too much. You believed it? Have the courage to tell me as I have the courage to hear. You believed?

Philip: Mother, I beg you, let us go no farther. I believed nothing; I only suffered. It is true that I was no longer able to endure meeting every day a man who was one of your close friends; one whose name had been associated with yours in an abominable phrase. Even to-day when I think of it, it sends me into a fever of anger and pain. [He walks nervously to and fro across the room.] But let me bear witness for myself; I never presumed to judge you, mother.

Mme. Lavergne: To doubt of a mother is to judge her. And you doubted me. Do not answer no. Your going away, your rebellion, your marriage are now explained. I also suffered cruelly through you — because of this marriage, this absence. But all that sorrow of the past is as nothing beside what I am now enduring. [Philip wishes to approach her.] No, do not come near me, do not speak to me. Oh, these people who ignorantly speak calumnies, and those who repeat the horrible words out of pure folly! And the legends which arise against which one can do nothing. One can never tell [she laughs nervously]. I see that scene in the café as if it were taking place before my eyes — that boy telling a son that his mother has a lover — for that is what he said to you — because he had heard it said and happened to have a glass too much of champagne in his head. Two lives, yours and mine, poisoned by a word, a single word which, to a nature as proud as yours, gave a terrible significance to the presence of the most devoted and respectful of your mother's friends. I should have followed my instinct, and torn your secret from you. But there are questions which a mother cannot ask a son. Had I not the courage of age, were not the agony of this hour keen, I could not speak to you now. And one cannot struggle against suspicion. It is easily said that a woman has a lover; the hard task is to prove her innocent. How can it be done [stopping], yes, there is a Providence in things. It was its inspiration

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which led me to detain Naulin here, for that dear, that faithful friend is here.

Philip: Mother, you are not going to bring me face to face with that man.

Mme. Lavergne: No. You have only to think that it is a scene arranged between us. [She rings, a domestic appears.] Will you tell M. Naulin that I expect him? [To Philip, imperiously]: Be quiet! Stay there. [She pushes him behind a curtain which hangs over a door.] Do not turn the lock.

Revue des Deux Mondes

THE END

BY WILFRED OWEN

(*Killed in action, November 4, 1918*)

After the blast of lightning from the east,
The flourish of loud clouds; the Chariot Throne.
After the drums of time have rolled and ceased,
And from the bronze west, long retreat is blown,

Shall Life renew these bodies? Of a truth
All death will he annul, all tears assuage?
Or fill these void veins full again with youth,
And wash, with an immortal water, age?

When I do ask white Age, he saith not so:
"My head hangs weighed with snow."
And when I hearken to the Earth, she saith:
"My fiery heart shrinks, aching. It is death.
Mine ancient scars shall not be glorified,
Nor my titanic tears, the seas, be dried."

The Westminster Gazette

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

SOLDIER REËSTABLISHMENT IN CANADA

THE policy of soldiers' settlements has many precedents in Canada, and goes back to the early days of the French régime. At the middle of the seventeenth century the celebrated Intendant, Jean Talon, obtained permission from the French King to settle the regiment of Carignan-Salieres, who had been sent out to defend the infant colony from the Iroquois, or lands surrounding the junction of the Richelieu and St. Lawrence Rivers. Liberal grants of lands were allotted, seigneuries to the officers, and tenancies under them at nominal rents to the men, supplies were furnished during the early years, and a successful colony was founded, from which many well-known families in Quebec have their origin.

After Wolfe's victory in 1759 many of the Fraser Highlanders settled along the shores of the St. Lawrence, where they married French-Canadian girls, and became the ancestors of numerous descendants who to-day bear Scots names but have no language but French. There was a famous little settlement at what is now the watering place of Murray Bay, founded by two Highland officers, Captains Nairne and Fraser, whose history is of more than ordinary interest. After the American revolutionary wars came the influx of the Loyalists, many of whom had served in regiments like the King's Royal Rifles and Butler's Rangers. Land was plentiful, and every soldier according to his rank received a free grant of land, field officers securing as much as 3000 acres. In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and in Ontario along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence hundreds of Loyalist veterans settled in compact bodies, and were the pioneers of the prosperous communities to-day visible.

Perhaps the most famous of these Loyalist settlements was in the county of Glengarry, colonized by Highland Jacobite clansmen who had migrated to New York State after the '45, but strangely enough had declined to desert King George for the flag of the American Republic, and had raised several excellent battalions to fight for him. After Waterloo assistance was freely given by the home authorities to promote the emigration of ex-soldiers to Canada, and many availed themselves of it. They chiefly emigrated as individuals, but regular organized settlements of veterans were founded at Richmond and Perth in Eastern Ontario. Almost a century later every Canadian soldier who had served in South Africa was awarded a grant of 320 acres of land, which, as the great immigration boom had not commenced, was then very plentiful.

The treatment of returned soldiers is to-day one of the most difficult problems which faces the government of Canada. When the war ended the Cabinet decided to award war gratuities on a liberal scale, and evidently imagined this policy would be a short cut to the solution of the problem of the army's reëstablishment in civil life. The gratuities were paid according to rank and service, and far exceeded in value those offered by any other allied country, even Australia and the United States. The humblest private, who had a year's service to his

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credit, if unmarried, received $210, and if married, $300; privates who had two or three years' service overseas got anything from $400 to $600; a lieutenant with the same record got practically $800, and a colonel got almost $2000. But the very liberality of the gratuities, which were paid in monthly installments, nullifies their value for purposes of reëstablishment; large numbers of the soldiers, as they were demobilized, found themselves in ample funds, with their gratuities and arrears of pay, and declined to look for work till they had taken a good holiday, a perfectly intelligible proceeding. But now, when the gratuities are becoming exhausted, winter is approaching, with its inevitable diminution of employment in Canada, and many veterans find their prospects dark.

The government, apart from the operations of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Reëstablishment, which looks after the sick and the disabled and the retraining of men who have been casualties, and the schemes of the Soldiers' Settlement Board, contented themselves with giving the gratuities, and rejected the idea of a scheme of unemployment insurance for soldiers. They also foolishly made no provision to encourage with monetary aid the resumption by soldiers of uninterrupted educational courses. There has been great dissatisfaction with the administration of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Reëstablishment, and a feeling that the special discrimination in favor of men who were willing to farm was unfair.

The veterans have formed a variety of associations in the Dominion, but by far the most numerous and influential body is that known as the Great War Veterans' Association, which claims 250,000 members, with local branches in every district. There were murmurs and mutterings of discontent at many branch meetings as far back at June, and the Calgary G.W.V.A. fathered at the National Convention held at Vancouver in August a resolution demanding an additional gratuity in cash of $500 for every man who had served in Canada, $1500 for each man who had reached England (many Canadians got no farther), and $2500 for all who had crossed to France. The number of men and dependents qualified for this gratuity was estimated at 466,000, and the cost $800,000,000.

The G.W.V.A. delegates endorsed the principle, after lengthy discussion, and referred the matter to a committee. Many of the executive thought the demand was impossible. But as happens to-day in so many organizations, the rank and file began to suspect the leaders of betrayal of their interests, and a Gratuity League, which was organized a month ago in Toronto, soon enrolled thousands of members. A certain Sergeant Flynn, who claims to be an ex-professor, and has great gifts of demagogic oratory, assumed charge of the new agitation, and held mass meetings of soldiers in various centres, denouncing the government, abusing the G.W.V.A. officials as their hirelings, and threatening all manner of trouble if the $2500 gratuity was not at once conceded. A march on Ottawa was suggested, and in a panic the government appointed a Parliamentary Committee to examine the question of the reëstablishment of the soldiers. Sergeant Flynn appeared before it, and delivered a hectic address, but was easily disposed of, as he had failed to fortify his case with figures and reasoned arguments. But the Great War Veterans' Association have now come forward with a more serious demand on the same lines, and have presented the committee

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with a scheme which has been completely worked out in detail. They ask that the state assist soldiers in the process of reëstablishment by further financial grants. Length and quality of service is to be the only consideration in fixing the amount; rank is to be disregarded. Applicants must prove the need of the grant and show a specific purpose to which the money will be applied. The scale which the G.W.V.A. put forward is as follows:

Year Enlisted	Canadian Service Rate.	Service in England Rate.	Service in France Rate.	Total Maximum Rate.
1914.....	$500	$1000	$1000	$2500
1915.....	400	800	800	2000
1916.....	300	600	600	1500
1917.....	200	400	400	1000
1918.....	100	200	200	500

Non-combatants would be excluded from its benefits, but the total number eligible is estimated by the veterans' spokesmen at 400,000. The gross cost, they estimate, will be $400,000,000 if every soldier succeeds in making good his claim to the fresh assistance; but in their view at least 25 per cent will fail to do so, and the actual cost need not exceed $300,000,000. But by this demand the Great War Veterans' Association declare that it will stand or fall, and woe betide the government or parliament which rejects it! Three hundred millions is a less fearsome demand than 800,000,000, but it is enough to terrify a government whose treasury is none too overflowing.

Accordingly, Sir Thomas White, ex-Minister of Finance, Mr. T. C. Boville, the Deputy Minister, and the Income-tax Commissioner have all three appeared before the committee to give evidence that acquiescence in the demand is impossible, in view of existing financial conditions. But they have signally failed to convince the veterans. The latter are aware of the notorious profiteering which has been rampant in Canada since 1914, and the failure to check it by proper direct taxation. Since the war began Canada, which is estimated by Dr. J. C. Stamp to have one seventh of the wealth of Great Britain, has levied less than $100,000,000 by direct taxation in various forms. Income tax for 1917 only realized $10,000,000, a ridiculously meagre sum. The government, to prove its helplessness, has admitted that floating loans from the banks will absorb at least $220,000,000 of the forthcoming loan. But the soldiers have no ears for these tales of financial woe, and if the G.W.V.A. demand is not acceded to a fierce and exceedingly troublesome agitation may be looked for from end to end of Canada.

Our politicians are a feeble folk, and in the end will bow before it, but it will probably necessitate a capital levy. If the Canadian soldiers succeed in gaining their point, which is, in effect, a demand for the redistribution of war profits, nothing is more likely than that similar agitation will gather momentum in Great Britain.

The Economist

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TALK OF EUROPE

'I THINK the Germans lost the war in the air,' Fokker, the Dutch inventor of the deadly German aeroplane, recently declared in an interview at Amsterdam.

Fokker at the same time blamed the Berlin War Office for bungling a plan of his for overwhelming the Allies by scrapping the big gun altogether in favor of shelling by flocks of wireless-controlled aeroplanes.

'It seems to me that the Allies permitted Germany to do all the pioneering in air fighting. They let Germany set the pace in all improvements for a time, but Germany was whipped in the air in the summer of 1918. That was one big reason why the German army had to quit.

'I had built 3,000 aeroplanes for the Germans to use in the spring drive, but the Allies had five to our one. I think the Germans lost the war in the air.'

'If the war had gone on for several more years, how far would the aeroplane have developed?' Fokker was asked. His answer revealed what he declared had been a great military secret.

'We would have put the artillery out of commission. We would have made the big guns as old fashioned as spears,' he exclaimed. 'It was all the fault of the army red tape in Berlin that it was not begun sooner. It was like this.

'In 1916 the army authorities asked me if I could make a very cheap aeroplane, with a very cheap engine, capable of flying about four hours, which could be steered through the air by wireless waves.

'They intended to load each one of these aeroplanes with a huge bomb, and send them into the air under the control of one flying man, who would herd them through the sky by wireless like a flock of sheep. He would be able to steer them as he pleased, and send them down to earth in just exactly the spot he selected.

'The Germans' idea was that it was a tremendous waste to send shells through the air by means of explosives. Their idea was to put all their explosives into the shells, and then move the shells to their destination by gasoline power.

'They had really lost faith in the use of big guns. The "Big Bertha" which fired shells 75 miles on to Paris was probably partly intended to delude the Allies into believing that the Germans were developing their big guns, instead of preparing to discard them. And if they had not got tangled up in their own red tape, they would have rendered the big guns useless before the armistice came.

'I prepared the plans they asked for. I found that we could make use of old engines that were not reliable for fighting planes. All we asked of an engine was that it fly for about four hours at the most.

'Of course each one of these aeroplanes, with its engine, would be blown up when the bomb exploded. The whole thing was not much more expensive than firing long-range shells, and it would be far more sure and far more deadly.

'My plans were accepted by the authorities, and then the War Office made its great mistake. It decided to make the aeroplanes itself. The War Office bungled along with the manufacture of the planes for many months, and when they had finally turned out a few machines, they found that they could not be depended upon.

'In the summer of 1918, three months before the armistice, they came to me and gave me a huge order for the wireless-steered aeroplanes.

'I had just got ready to manufacture them in wholesale quantities when the end of the war came.

'Those aeroplanes would have worked havoc wherever they were used. It would have been like shooting huge shells hundreds of miles with a range that was absolutely accurate.'

THE following hitherto unpublished letter written in May, 1871, by Charles Alls-

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ton Collins, the son-in-law of Charles Dickens, and the artist who designed the much-debated cover to *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, to Augustin Daly appears in the life of the latter recently issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.:

Dear Sir: The late Mr. Dickens communicated to me some general outlines for his scheme of *Edwin Drood*, but it was at a very early stage in the development of the idea, and what he said bore mainly upon the earlier portions of the tale.

Edwin Drood was never to reappear, he having been murdered by Jasper. The girl Rosa not having been really attached to Edwin, was not to lament his loss very long, and was, I believe, to admit the sailor, Mr. Tartar, to supply his place. It was intended that Jasper himself should urge on the search after Edwin Drood and the pursuit of the murderer, thus endeavoring to direct suspicion from himself, the real murderer. This is indicated in the design, on the right side of the cover, of the figures hurrying up the spiral staircase emblematical of a pursuit. They are led on by Jasper, who points unconsciously to his own figure in the drawing at the head of the title. The female figure at the left of the cover reading the placard 'Lost' is only intended to illustrate the doubt entertained by Rosa Bud as to the fate of her lover, Drood. The group beneath it indicates the acceptance of another suitor.

As to any theory further it must be purely conjectural. It seems likely that Rosa would marry Mr. Tartar, and possible that the same destiny might await Mr. Crisparkle and Helena Landless. Young Landless himself was to die, perhaps, and Jasper certainly would, though whether by falling into the hands of justice or by suicide or through taking an overdose of opium, which seems most likely, it is impossible to say.

THE secret history of the war is appearing in installments, a method of illumination which makes a balanced judgment difficult. The *Austrian Red Book* is evidently as interesting as the Russian disclosures, and it clearly places Count Berchtold, the Magyar who conducted the foreign policy of the Dual Monarchy, in the first rank among the guilty authors of the war. So far as one can judge from the telegraphed summaries, the Austrian war party stood in no need of incitement from Berlin, though incitement was not lacking. The basis for the rumors of a 'Crown Council' so often affirmed and denied, was evidently an Austro-Hungarian and not a Potsdam meeting. At this, Count Berchtold, on July 7, pronounced for instant action to force war on Serbia. Count Tisza, whom diplomatic circles have always regarded as one of the prime authors of the war, was on the contrary the sole opponent of a war policy. The Polish minister, Baron Bilinski, was as bellicose as the Magyars and Germans. At this meeting Count Berchtold was able to announce that Germany was behind him. A dispatch from the Austrian Embassy in Berlin quotes the Kaiser's opinion on July 5, that the occasion was favorable for radical dealing with Serbia, and conveys his definite promise that Germany would stand by her ally even if war with Russia resulted. In this opinion the Chancellor concurred. It turns out, however, to be true that the actual ultimatum to Serbia was not concocted with German aid, nor even shown to Berlin before its dispatch.

The next revelation is more startling. The old Emperor had no love, and perhaps no regret, for the murdered Archduke, and moreover, as the Kaiser said, he loved peace. This old man of eighty-four had to be brought into the intrigue. On July 28, Count Berchtold reported to him that the Entente might still try to bring about peace, 'unless a definite situation was now created by a declaration of war.' He added that Serbian troops had fired from Danube steamers on Austrian troops at Temes-Kubin, and he, accordingly, forwarded to the Emperor for signature a declaration of war, on the ground that the Serbs had actually begun it. Later, when he had got the declaration, the Count, in the public document, struck out the reference to the fight on the Danube, 'as the report had not been confirmed.' There apparently was some fighting on the Danube, but according to the very brief and somewhat obscure report of the British Chargé d'Affaires at Belgrade, it looks rather as though it was the Austrians who were the aggressors.

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The *Arbeiter Zeitung* draws the conclusion that the Count deliberately deceived the Emperor in order to get his declaration of war. The episode is already compared with the famous case of the Ems dispatch. It resembles even more closely the deception practised, at the same moment, for the same purpose, by General Sukhomlinoff, when in his own words he 'lied to the Tsar' about the Russian general mobilization.

War with Serbia, however, did not necessarily mean a European war. There was still Sir Edward Grey's proposal in the way — that Belgrade should be occupied *pro forma* and mediation invoked. Down to July 27, Berlin is still backing Austria, and a dispatch of that date forwards the earlier British proposals, but 'is emphatically against regard being paid to them.' There is much evidence, however, that Berlin changed its mind at the eleventh hour and suddenly reversed the engines — the clearest evidence being the Kaiser's recently published letter to the Chancellor, to the effect that the Serbian answer wholly changed the position, and that at the most there should be a formal occupation on the Grey lines. The *Red Book* does apparently contain at least one dispatch from Berlin in this sense, the well-known (but hitherto uncertainly authentic) dispatch of July 29, which insisted very urgently on the acceptance of the British proposals in their later form. Here the revelations as telegraphed end. The next chapter is, of course, the even more controversial tale of the Russian mobilization. The guilt for the provocative handling of Serbia is, of course, as clear as day: there could have been nothing more deliberate. But the transition from punitive measures against Serbia to world war was certainly less deliberate, and there, to gross bungling and worse on the German side, must be added the deeds and the lies of the Russian war party also. One further detail is instructive. It appears that King Nicholas of Montenegro really was in Austrian pay both before and after the war.

THE *Saturday Review* has recently suggested that the distinguished novelist 'of the good, the beautiful, and the true' (who can forget Bret Harte's *George de Barnwell?*) was an unmitigated blackguard. An answer has come to hand, which is certainly not lacking in either what the cant of the day calls 'human interest' or unconscious humor.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review:*

Sir: I was sorry to see the attack on Bulwer Lytton in your issue for August 30, and as no comments on it from any other correspondent have appeared, I trust that you will allow me to say something on the subject. I cannot imagine that anyone who reads the biography of the novelist by his grandson, the present Earl of Lytton, published in 1913 (in the preparation of which work I was of some assistance to the author, as he cordially acknowledges in his preface), or who even reads only my own little work published three months earlier, entitled *Bulwer Lytton: An Exposure of the Errors of His Biographers*, can doubt that although in the unhappy quarrels between husband and wife, there were faults on both sides, the chief blame rests upon the lady. As to the novelist being worse than Parnell, I am not aware that there is any trustworthy evidence that he ever seduced his neighbor's wife, nor even that he was unfaithful to his own wife, until, at Naples in 1833 (six years after the marriage), she told him that she did not love him any more, and that she was in love with a Neapolitan prince who, I have no doubt, was the original of the hero in the novel she afterwards wrote, entitled, *Cheveley, or the Man of Honor*. Bulwer then took a mistress, and although this was immoral, I suppose that men of the world of that time would have said that he was quite justified in what he did.

That he ever kicked his wife I do not believe, for there is abundant evidence that at the very time — 1828 — when the incident is said to have taken place, they were living together in the warmest affection. About ten years later, after the separation, the lady said to Dr. Maginn, 'My husband never beat me, but he bit me,' and there is no doubt that in 1834 she had a wound in her cheek, though there is more than one story concerning its cause. Assuming, however, the lady's version to be correct, I can understand how it was that when she had irritated him

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almost to madness, his rage found vent in the way described; for in the days of their courtship they had called one another Pups and Poodle, and in his love letters he often sent her not merely a large number of kisses, but also many bites. I can quite believe, therefore, that in their philandering he often pretended to bite her, and perhaps even took some of her flesh between his teeth, taking care not to hurt her. And so, when she had thoroughly roused his temper, he may suddenly have been tempted to show her that he could bite in earnest; but he afterwards bitterly repented it, and wrote a letter of contrition from Richmond, though without mentioning the exact nature of the wrong he had done. He testified that for the first six years of their married life she had been an incomparable wife, and offered to arrange that they should live separately. The final separation, however, did not take place till 1836, after another quarrel, but I think it very unjust to charge the husband with wife-desertion.

The visit to the Hertford hustings on June 8, 1858, was only for the purpose of annoyance, as there was no contested election. On June 23, Lytton succeeded for a time in having his wife placed under restraint. He believed he had ample medical evidence to justify this, and he had been urged to do it by some of his friends. His grandson says, 'A favorite practice of hers was to address letters to her husband, the envelopes of which were covered with scurrilous and obscene inscriptions, and she sometimes dispatched as many as twenty of these in one day, all duplicates, and addressed to the House of Commons, to his clubs, to town and country addresses, to hotels — anywhere, in fact, where they were likely to be seen by others. She did not even confine this particular form of attack to her husband, but sent similar letters to all his friends. Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Francis Doyle, Dickens, Forster, Disraeli, and others all received these scandalous documents, with the result that they appealed to Sir Edward to place his wife under restraint.

The impression created upon me by the sight of some of the letters, which it has been my painful task to read through, is that of opening a drawer full of dead wasps. Their venom is now powerless to hurt, but they still produce a shudder and feeling of disgust.

It was in 1866 that Lytton was made a peer, and the Prime Minister at the time was not Disraeli but Lord Derby. It must have been after this that his wife wrote what she called a report of her speech at Hertford in 1858; for though she dated it June 11 — only three days after the election, she refers to herself in it as a peeress!

In his later years Lytton led a blameless, and it might even be said a religious life. His mistress had long since married somebody else, and he was alone. When he was buried in Westminster Abbey, on January 25, 1873, I had the honor of singing at this funeral, and the prayers in the service were impressively recited by Dean Stanley.

Lytton's novels are of unequal merit, but I am inclined to agree with the opinion expressed some years ago by the late Canon Benham in the *Church Times*, that *My Novel, or Varieties in English Life*, is the finest novel in the English language.

Yours faithfully,

W. A. Frost.

16 Amwell Street, E.C.1.

DAY after day, the papers which reach this office from Ireland, bring ghastly accounts of the assassination of members of the Royal Irish Constabulary. What visitor to Ireland does not recall the genial *peeler* with his amiable and human methods, a true policeman for an Irish fairy land. In the *Irish Statesman*, the shrewd realist MacNamara thus pictures a group of police discussing the Ireland of to-day.

They would often sit there upon the old stone seat by the barrack door at the close of the day, quite passive and silent, although the world could see from the uniform they wore that they were government men. Almost a part of three things that were soundless would they become — the falling of anxious looks into their eyes, the blue smoke from their pipes, the rising dust of the quiet road. The distress of

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their minds would at last become articulate after much heavy sighing.

'Did you see this morning's paper, Pat?'

'I did, James; I did.'

'Another of us gone.'

'Aye, indeed, James; God help the poor wife and family.'

'I wonder what county man was he?'

'I wonder how many years service was he after having?'

'It 's a poor thing to be shot like that.'

'Ah, musha, don't talk of it, James. Sure the poor wife is nearly distracted, thinking of me and the little childer.'

'And we not knowing the minute.'

'Nor the hour.'

'Oh, dear; oh, dear!'

'And we having only the color of the government about us and the boots and clothes.'

'It 's a quare country, Pat.'

'A quare, God-forsaken, misfortunate, misguided country.'

Then these two elderly men would become silent again, and as a part of three things that were soundless — the falling of anxious looks into their eyes, the blue smoke from their pipes, the rising dust of the quiet road. Although their thought did not become sounded in speech, it was as a great sound born of many emotions in their minds. It flowed in perfect synchronous sympathy between them. Each was listening as if to the other's voice and nodding in complete agreement, although there was no voice in it at all.

'Of course, the only foolish country in the world, as usual, is poor, unfortunate Ireland, and it 's me that knows it. Sure I spent the most of my service in attending political meetings all over the country. D'ye know what it is? I could nearly write a book of recollections or reminiscences, or whatever the devil you call them, for there is n't a great speech of the past twenty-five years that you could remember but I 'm after hearing, nor a successful political man of no matter what brand but I 'm after seeing. Aye, everyone of them able to set crowds, of what you might take at first sight to be sensible men like ourselves, mad with enthusiasm, as they 'd say in their speeches. Aye, begad, everyone of them fully qualified to do that anyway. And sure I often thought that if them they 'd make roar and bawl for Ireland were after hearing as many orators as I 'm after hearing in the course of my duty, they might come to have the same opinion of them as I have. It 'd make a fellow laugh sometimes, but more-times it 'd nearly make you cry, to see fine young fellows getting led astray by foolishness like that instead of going up to the Depot to get trained for the force. It was my ambition always to see all the young fellows in Ireland in the force. Look at the peace we 'd have then in Ireland! If every meeting began to be composed entirely of young peelers instead of young Irishmen where would your great speechifiers be then? I thought all this out one day at a meeting. Why, be the holy, it 's the only thing for it, says I to myself. The full solution to a difficulty that has baffled the ingenuity of the best paid government men in Ireland.'

'James! James! Are you dreaming? Is n 't there a meeting to-morrow and have n 't we to go?'

'What 's that? Oh, there is. And our names are in the book for it, the two of us. The Lord save us! it 's like going to the front as you might say.'

Brinsley MacNamara.

APROPOS of the re-opening of London's 'Old Vic,' a British contemporary reprints the paragraph by John Hollingshead describing a visit he made there in its old days, which contains the following account of the murder of Nancy in *Oliver Twist*, a favorite play of the time:

'Nancy was always dragged round the stage by her hair; and, after this, Sikes always looked up defiantly at the gallery. He was always answered by one loud and fearful curse, yelled by the whole mass, like a Handel Festival chorus. The curse was answered by Sikes dragging Nancy twice round the stage; like Ajax defying the lightning. The simultaneous yell then became louder and more blasphemous. Finally, when Sikes, working up to a well-rehearsed climax, smeared Nancy with red ochre, and, taking her by the hair, seemed to dash her brains out on the stage, a thousand enraged voices, which

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sounded like ten thousand, with a roar of a dozen escaped menageries, expressed a fierce determination to tear his sanguinary entrails from his sanguinary body.'

FEW of the many readers of *The Journal of a Disappointed Man* knew that until recently its writer was still alive. It is stated in the book itself that he had died. The explanation of this was that at the time it was written Mr. B. F. Cummings, who wrote under the name of 'W. N. P. Barbellion,' had sad reason to believe that he would be dead before his book appeared in print. But he lived on and died at the age of thirty. He had the happiness to see his book, which was the essence of his life's thought, acclaimed by good judges and read by thousands of people.

This sunset came to a life that had always been in shadow, for from an early time he knew himself the victim of an incurable form of paralysis which meant an early end. He carried his life very bravely, working hard in nature research, qualifying first for a position in the Marine Biological Station at Plymouth and afterwards on the staff of the Natural History Museum in London. He was a student, too, of London, and pursued his interest in its regions and people with a scientist's ardor.

His book is mainly autobiographical. After its publication he found many sympathizers and friends. Cheered by this, life was much sweetened to him, and he got together a number of essays and parts of his journal that he had not previously printed, and arrangements have been made for their publication as a book, with the title *Enjoying Life*. He leaves a widow and one child.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Sir Valentine Chirol, diplomat and scholar, is the leading British authority on Eastern matters.

* * *

L. E. Matthae is a distinguished German publicist.

* * *

L. P. Jacks is principal of Manchester College, Oxford, and Editor of the *Hibbert Journal*.

* * *

Theodore Maynard, whose poems have recently been published in America, is attached to the staff of the *New Witness*.

Richard Aldington is one of the younger group of English men of letters.

* * *

Paul Bourget, critic and novelist, is one of the few modern French writers who has gained an American audience.

* * *

J. C. Squire is literary critic for *Land and Water* and editor of the new journal, the *London Mercury*.

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PORPHYRO

BY GEOFFREY COOKSON

Music, like the wandering shower
  Whose variable voice is heard
On lawny grass, in leafy bower,
  The slumbrous pool of silence stirred.
The trumpet neighs with high fanfare
  To viol deep and violin;
The looped awnings lifted are,
  And, lo, a world of light within;
A world of light, a world of flame,
  That lives and dies to music's beat:
And there upon the waft of fame
  Flew Porphyro with wingèd feet.
Hot on the scent the eager pack
  May wind the wild deer up the glen,
But who shall tread the dancer's track
  That dances on the hearts of men?
The feigned dreams of false desire
  Their fetters round his footsteps wove,
And from beneath, like flakes of fire
  On crocus-lawns in Springtime, clove.
And silent men of secret mien
Fanned the white skin of Egypt's queen,
Laid on her couch of emerald lawn.
And shyly came the silk-eared Faun,
The fawning Satyr whisked his tail,
  With frolic grin and wrinkled mask,
Old Sylvan hopped well-drunk with ale,
  And Bacchus squelched his goat-skin cask,
And flower-like Nymphs from cloudless calm
Came down the slopes of pine and palm
To see him dance and see him die.
  And he is but a brown-limbed slave,
And she the hornèd Queen of Night:
  She draws him, as the moon the wave,
He spins, her frantic satellite.
  Her lustful heart is full of pride;
Her eyes upon his body feast,
  She motions to her dangerous side
Death's Cup-bearer, the mitred priest.
  The gilded poison is for thee,
That in the golden goblet swims!
  Thy frame an arch of agony,
Cold trembling in thy comely limbs,
  Die, Porphyro! To this long pause
Have come thy many-wandered feet.
  The people thundered their applause
The Emperor started to his feet,
  Flung roses, and a purse of gold.
But Death, your only realist,
  Stole down the wings with whisper cold,
And in my heart a serpent hissed:
  'Better yet! and better yet!
  He will do it better yet!
Heap roses, wreathe him all the bays
  That toilers after fame can get!
In the dark ending of his days,
When none is nigh to blame or praise,
  He will do it better yet!'

Art and Letters

THE MOTOR-CYCLE

BY GODFREY ELTON

Some breeze had set the tall grass all astream,
  The hemlock glimmered through the scented dark;
The moon just topped the elm trees; like a dream
  The owl's cry followed me along the park.
I watched the filigree cloud-shadow change
  Across the acres of ungarnered grain
And still the cry went with me. It is strange
  How what had seemed long buried lives again;
That which now moved me like a summons heard
  Through many a season had been growing dim;
Ere this how many Augusts had not stirred
  One memory of him or her or him!
And as I mused a motor-cycle's hum
  Grew, faded, grew along our upland lane,
For now some chance cleft let the murmur come
  And now it died beyond the hills again.

The New Statesman

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